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Volume CCLVII. No. 3333 LONDON, April 18, 1964

THE SPHERE

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Mr Maudling appears to be raking in the cash as he plays Monopoly with his sons William (left) and Edward in the garden of their Hertfordshire home. The Chancellor of the Exchequer chose this way of relaxing from making the final adjustments to his Budget. After the Prime Minister's announcement that there would be no General Election until the autumn and the debacle to the Conservatives in the Greater London Council and other County elections last week, Budget Day (April 14) assumed greater significance than usual. In government circles it was generally agreed that success in the economic field during the summer and early autumn was essential if the Conservatives were to have any chance of success in the General Election. (See also News Summary, page 76)

THE CHANCELLOR TAKES IT EASY

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Katanga's leader in London

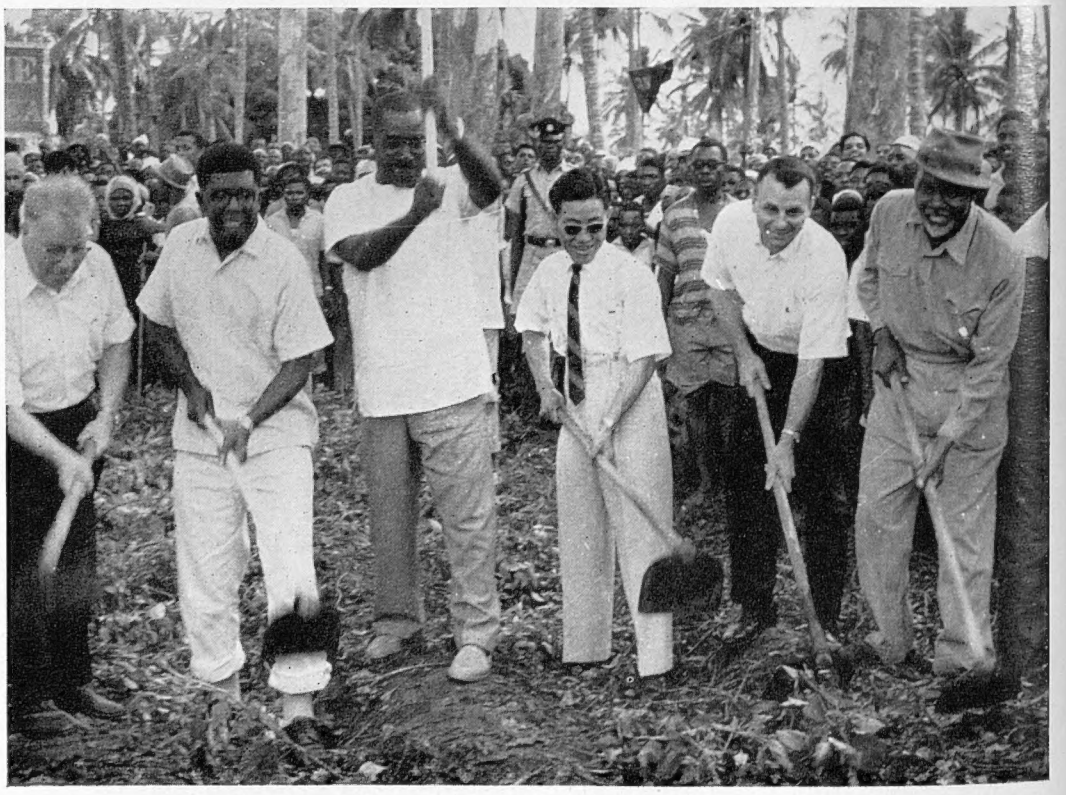
The former President Moise Tshombe of Katanga arrives in London. His Congolese passport had been cancelled by the Prime Minister of the Congo (Leopoldville), Mr Adoula. Now resident in Spain, Mr Tshombe was using Spanish papers

Burma uprising anniversary

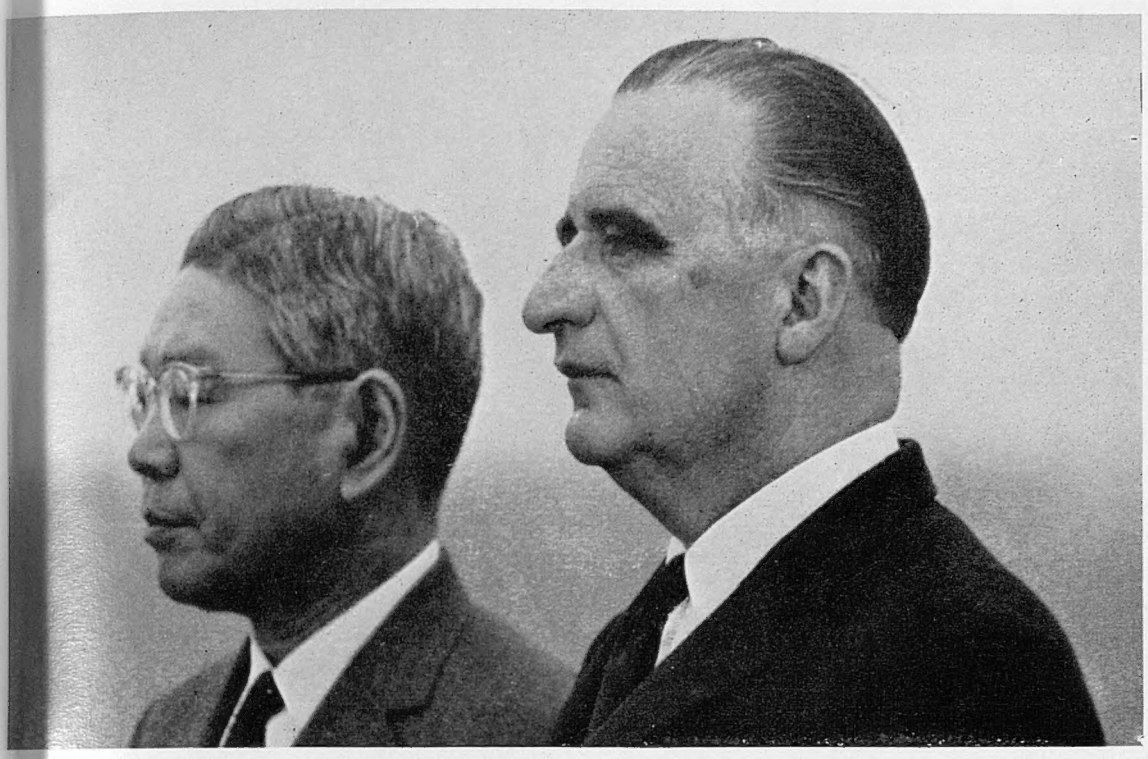
Burmese students line a street in Rangoon to watch the military parade held to mark the 19th anniversary of the Burmese people's uprising against the Japanese Occupation

Self-help in Zanzibar

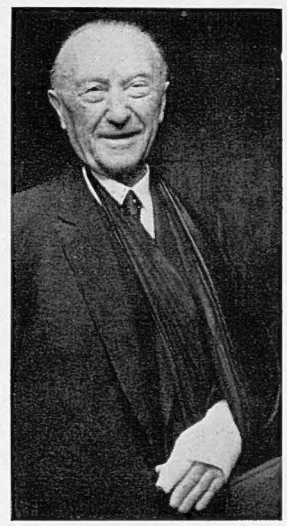
President Karume of Zanzibar (third from the left) works with foreign diplomatists as they wield picks and hoes in a plantation at Kinumoshi. The plantation is a self-help scheme, and the President turned out to show that he and the members of the foreign missions are all working for a common cause. Among those helping were diplomatists from the US, Russia and China (Zanzibar's UK High Commissioner, p.86)



THE NEWS IN PICTURES



A Far Eastern journey
The French Premier, M Georges Pompidou (right), on a seven-day official visit to Japan, stands with the Japanese Prime Minister, Mr Hayato Ikeda, at Tokyo airport during the welcoming ceremonies



Deposed President in exile
The ex-President of Brazil, Joao Goulart, speaks to the Press on his arrival at Pando Airport in the neighbouring country of Uruguay, where he fled with his family after the revolt led by the Brazilian army

Yemeni-Czech accord
President Antonin Novotny, of Czechoslovakia, and President Sallal, of the Republic of Yemen, sign in Prague an agreement of mutual friendship and co-operation

"Der Alte" keeps smiling in Bonn
The former West German Chancellor, Dr Konrad Adenauer, stands with his arm in a sling. He was suffering from an infected insect bite

Rhodesian V.C. remembered
At Nettleton School in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, Wing Commander Lockyer, of No. 44 Squadron RAF, presents Mr C. Mackay, the headmaster, with a model of a Vulcan bomber. It was given to mark the Squadron's connection with the school, which is named after Squadron Leader J. D. Nettleton, under whose picture the two men are standing. Squadron Leader Nettleton, a South African, was the war-time leader of No. 44 Squadron and won the Victoria Cross for his part in the April, 1942 daylight raid on Augsburg. He was the Squadron Commander when he lost his life a year later during a raid on Turin in Italy

Fiscal measures in Munich
The West German Chancellor, Professor Erhard, smiles at remarks by Herr Alfons Goppel, Prime Minister of Bavaria, at a rally of the government CDU/CSU parties in Munich. Dr Erhard announced new measures to fight inflation

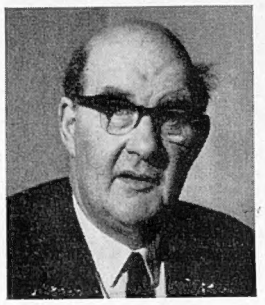
NEWS SUMMARY

Political depression and jubilation in Britain; news from trouble spots in the world

76

GREAT BRITAIN

Deeply depressed Tories looked for crumbs of comfort in Mr Maudling's Budget on Tuesday. It was hoped that this and other measures would at least do something towards an armistice in the internecine warfare blatantly going on within their ranks. Meanwhile jubilant Socialists set to work to plan for a repetition of the County Council results in the autumn general election. On the new Greater London Council they had taken 64 seats (including all the marginals save one) to the Conservatives' 36. Aloof from the turmoil of the hustings, the psephologists manipulated their slide rules to gauge trends and shifts in public opinion. London apart, it was difficult to equate the various estimates of the parties on gains and losses because of the different views taken towards the classification of Independents. What could be stated without contradiction was that Labour had more than recovered the ground lost in the last County elections. One expert showed them to have 62·1 per cent. of the total electorate behind them as a result of the polling.



Left: Mr W. G. Fiske, leader of the Labour Party in the GLC and, right, Sir Percy Rugg, the Conservative leader

Above right: An informal chat across a fence in Cyprus. The UN peace force commander Gen. P. S. Gyani (left) and Dr Ralph Bunche (second left), the United Nations Under-Secretary for Political Affairs, who was on a five-day visit, talk to two Greek irregulars

There was general sympathy with the Prime Minister that at this juncture he should be afflicted by a cold and have to keep indoors for a few days. His predecessor, Mr Macmillan, was away from it all fishing in Ireland. While he was there it was learnt he had refused both an earldom and a Knighthood of the Garter.

There were last-minute efforts to avert the one-day postal strike (scheduled for Thursday of this week) and the fortnight's ban on overtime to follow it. On Monday Mr George Woodcock was having talks with the Post Office Workers' Union representatives.

UNITED STATES

King Hussein of Jordan was due to arrive in Philadelphia on Monday at the start of his State visit to the United States. President Johnson had sent his private Boeing 707 to Amman for the King's journey.

Besides receiving the freedom of Philadelphia and having talks with the President, King Hussein will open the Jordan Pavilion in the New York International Fair.

The Fair is to open on April 23. There were anticipations last weekend that the opening day might also be the day of the worst-ever traffic jam. New York members of the Congress of Racial Equality were threatening to stall their cars and run out of petrol on all the main roads leading to the fair, to draw attention to the civil rights question. However, the idea of the demonstration was strongly opposed by the national committee of the Congress, who had planned more moderate protests. (Alan Hodge writes about the current American scene on pp. 78-79.)

BRAZIL

General Castelo Branco, the Army Chief of Staff, was elected the new President of Brazil by Congress in Rio de Janeiro last Saturday. Abstainers in the congressional voting included members of the Labour party, the party of the deposed President, Senhor Goulart, who had gone into exile in Uruguay. President Branco was to assume office on Wednesday, and should be in office until January 1966. In a message to the nation he said his principal task was to begin the " democratic political education " of the people.

BELGIUM

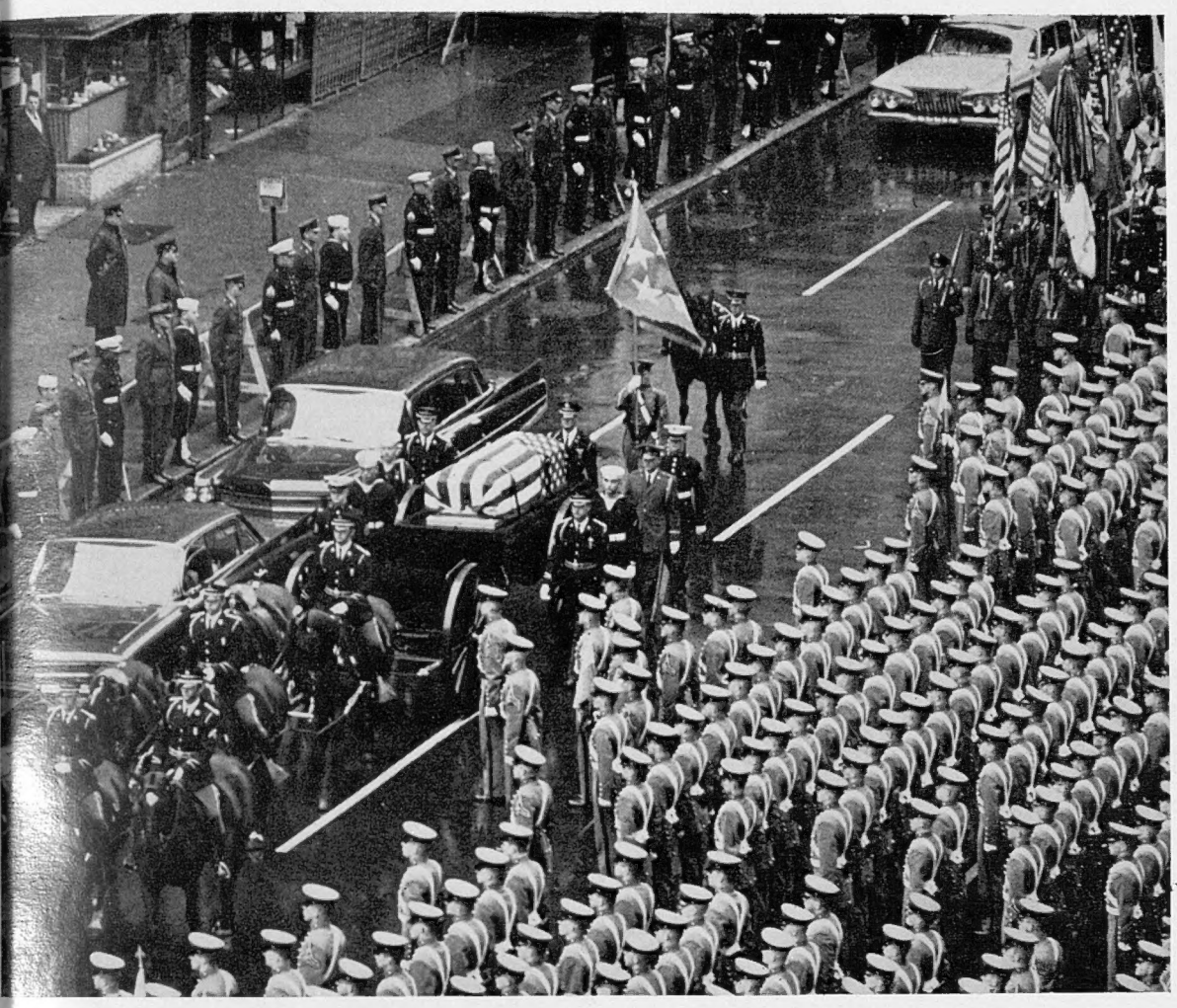
All doctors on the Belgian Armed Forces Reserve List received orders during the weekend to report in uniform to military units within three days. By Monday morning 2,172 of them had complied with the order. This drastic emergency measure had been held in preparation since the strike began on April 1. It was brought in when talks broke down and doctors threatened to stop providing the scant emergency service which had saved the country's medical services from total collapse. The call-up applies to doctors under 45 and includes those who have taken refuge in The Netherlands and France for the duration of the strike. Doctors who fail to comply face trial by court-martial. The mobilisation order was partly prompted by outbreaks of scarlet fever, mumps and measles among children in Liège and Luxembourg.

THE NETHERLANDS

The Dutch Government announced on April 9 that it would not take responsibility for the future actions of Princess Irene, the second in line to the throne. The announcement by the Dutch Prime Minister Mr Marijnen followed a week of intense activity by Princess Irene and her fiancé Don Carlos, son of a pretender to the Spanish throne. The Princess decided at the last minute not to accompany her parents on their State visit to Mexico and she flew to Paris to join her fiancé. In Paris, a spokesman for the Princess said she was " on the verge of a nervous breakdown."

CYPRUS

President Makarios went to Athens last week to have talks with Greek Government leaders about the Cyprus situation and the worsening relations with Turkey. While in the Greek capital the Archbishop had a series of talks with General Grivas, the former Eoka leader. The General is in favour of Cyprus accepting Enosis, union with Greece, while the Archbishop is said to be firm in



Left: In New York, the coffin of General Douglas MacArthur is carried on its gun carriage past the ranks of US military cadets near Pennsylvania Station. His body was on its way to Washington, where it lay in state in the Capitol to be honoured by the nation before being flown to Norfolk, Virginia, for the funeral

Below: At St. Clement Danes Church, London, the latest of the Books of Remembrance for those in the RFC and RAF who have died in service since 1912, is dedicated by the RAF's Chaplain-in-Chief, the Ven. F. W. Cocks. Volume X contains the names of 9,000 men and women who died between 1945 and 1963

his belief in complete independence for the island. The General, however, told the Press that he would return to Cyprus "if need be." It was reported that he might be offered the command of Cypriot armed forces.

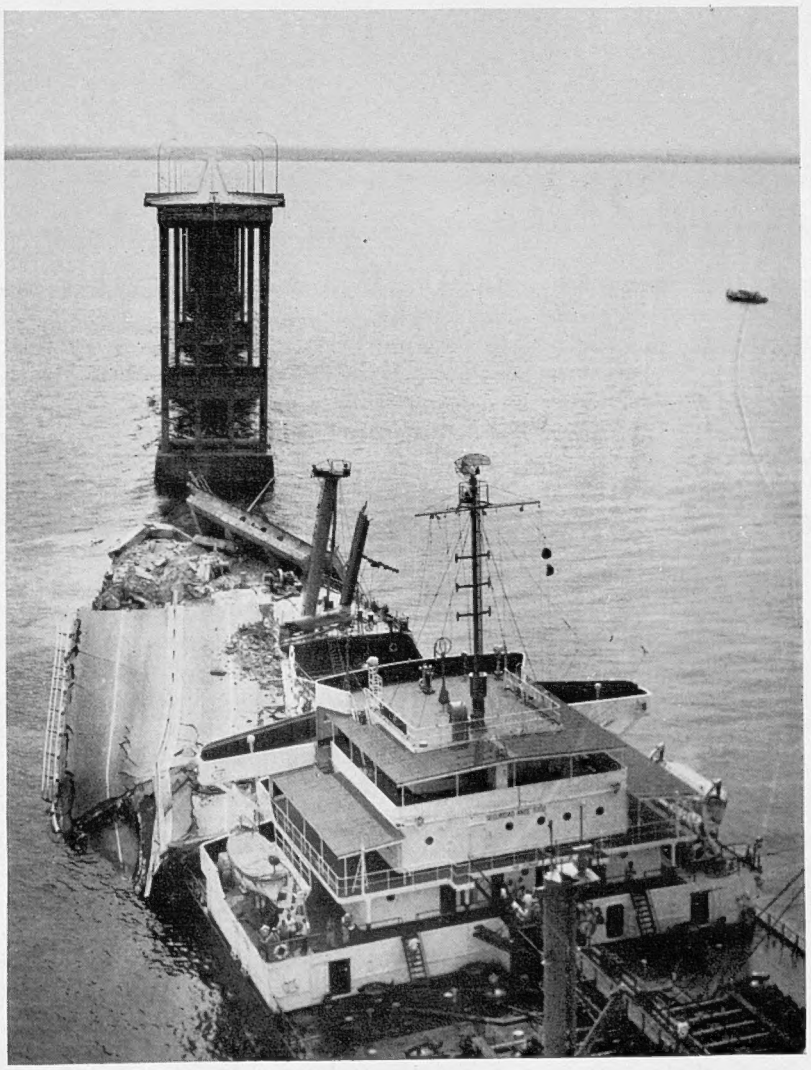
The Archbishop is said to believe that General Grivas could discipline the unruly elements in the Greek-Cypriot camp and convert them into a well-trained army.

The latest plan by the UN for keeping the peace was announced by U Thant at the weekend, when he asked all countries contributing to the UN force in Cyprus to send police officers for liaison between UN troops and civilians. This proposal may have been a result of the visit to Cyprus of Dr Ralph Bunche, the UN Under-Secretary.

Meanwhile fierce fighting continued between the Greek and Turkish Cypriots and the United Nations attempted to arrange cease-fires whenever the truce was broken.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

Expectations that Mr Winston Field, the Southern Rhodesian Prime Minister, would resign were realised on Monday. It was reported that Sir Humphrey Gibbs, the Governor, had asked Mr Ian Smith, the Minister of Finance, to form a new government. Mr Field had been faced with mounting criticism of his leadership of the Rhodesian Front Party and, to a lesser extent, of his handling of the independence issue. A loyal supporter of Mr Field, Mr Jack Howman, the Minister of Internal Affairs, also resigned from the government.



Left: At Lake Maracaibo in Venezuela the wreckage of part of the Urdaneta Bridge lies across the bows of the *Esso Maracaibo*. The supertanker had smashed into one of the slender concrete piers of the bridge causing a section of it to collapse. As it did so, vehicles hurtled into the lake, drowning at least six people. Divers recovered the bodies of three men and a boy and had found the identity papers of a fourth man and the shoes of a woman. Two cars and a truck were pulled up, and another car was located in 40 ft. of water. The bridge is 5½ miles long, and one of the longest in Latin America. It links the cities of Maracaibo and Altagracia

USA—AT HOME AND ABROAD

In Milwaukee, Alabama's Governor Wallace, in Indian head-dress, claims moral victory in the Wisconsin primary

Former Vice-President Richard Nixon joins in badminton a

Primary elections are one of the features of the American political scene that are apt to puzzle foreign observers. They were first introduced into the American system early in this century on the crest of one of those waves of progressive thought that are apt to stir all countries from time to time. There was a widespread feeling that the choice of candidates by state and national conventions had become simply a matter of hard bargaining in smoke-filled rooms. Some process more openly democratic was wanted that would give the ordinary citizen a direct influence upon the selection of leaders. Nearly all state and county officers are now chosen at primaries, and this method of popular voting has been extended to the choice of Presidential candidate in 16 states. What causes confusion for outsiders is that citizens do not actually elect a particular candidate, but only delegates committed to supporting him at the National Conventions of the two main parties which are held during the summer preceding a Presidential election. At the Conventions there can still be tough horse-trading between the "favourite sons" of delegations, leading to surprise decisions.

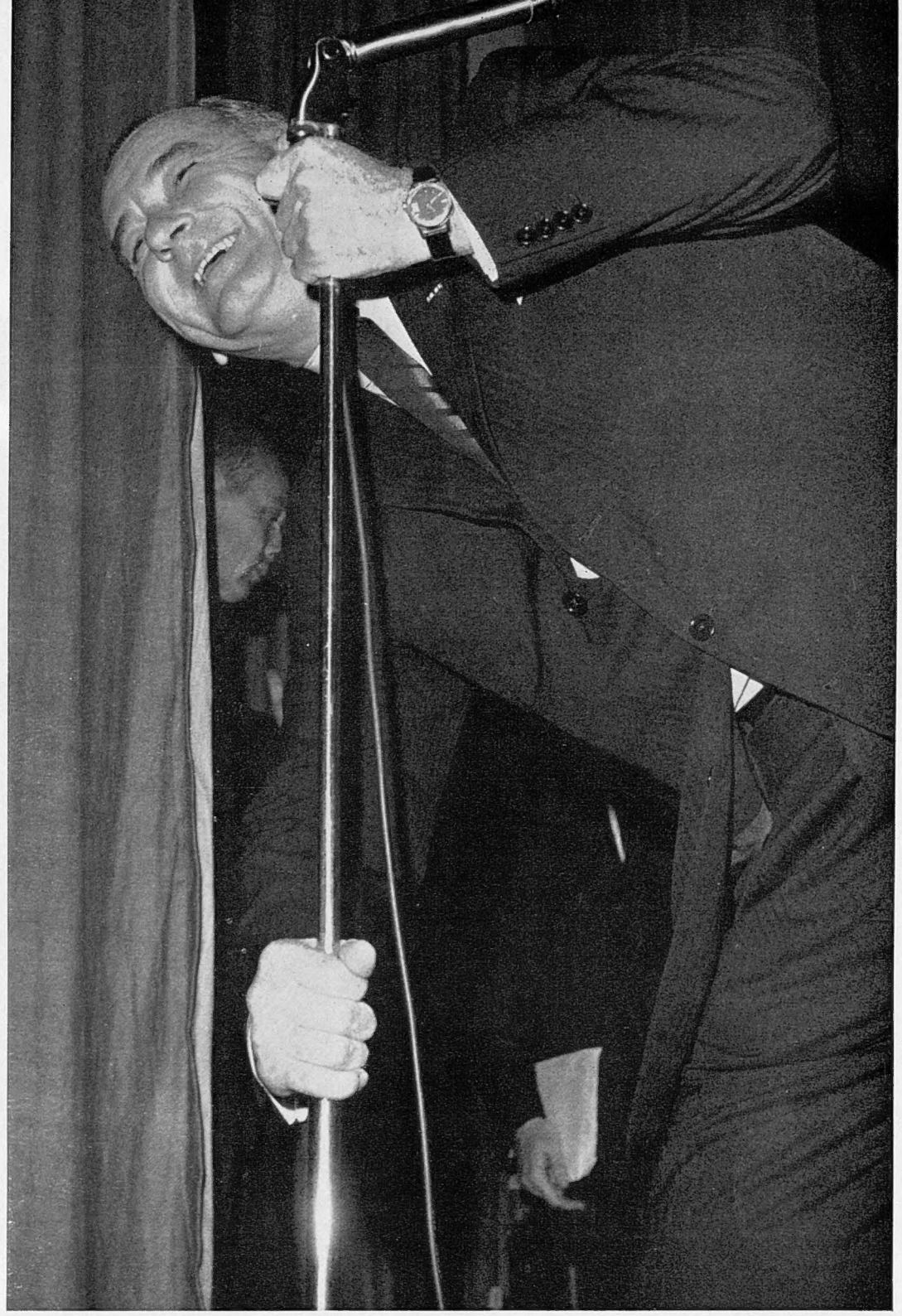
Curiously enough, it was Wisconsin, where the results of the Presidential primary astonished the United States last week, that first adopted the primary system under Governor Robert M. La Follette in 1905. La Follette was a radical and a progressive, and he might well turn in his grave if he knew that his state has just given 260,000 votes to Governor George Wallace of Alabama. For Governor Wallace has cast himself for the role of arch-segregationalist of the deep South. He is a vigorous opponent of the Civil Rights policy inherited by President Johnson from John F. Kennedy, and now one of his principal commitments in the embattled Senate. If Governor Wallace can pick up a quarter of a million votes in a Northern state, is this a bad omen for President Johnson's chances of carrying his party to a new victory next November?

Not so, according to reliable pundits in Washington. Wisconsin is a "wild" state from which eccentric results may be expected. And, in any case, Governor Reynolds of Wisconsin received double the number of Governor Wallace's suffrages. He and his state's 44 delegates are firmly pledged to President Johnson's support.

Wisconsin was a Democratic primary. New Hampshire on March 10, which is the first of American pointers to future opinion, was a Republican foray. In this contest, Henry Cabot Lodge, who was not officially a candidate and is in fact United States Ambassador in Saigon, beat both Senator Goldwater of Arizona and Governor Rockefeller of New York by a handsome margin. This result was achieved by the odd system of the "write-in" vote, under which a man who refuses to put forward his name can have it strongly canvassed for him through a campaign organised by his friends. Lodge's success in New Hampshire does not mean that he will get the Republican nomination, any more than Governor Wallace's freak appeal will affect the Democratic issue. There are several more primaries to follow which will reveal different trends: Illinois, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania this month; six more states in May, including an important one in Oregon, where the "write-in" system prevails and unavowed candidates can score a triumph. Two more primaries take place in June, including California, which sends 86 delegates to the National Convention. Here there is no "write-in" system, and Rockefeller and Goldwater meet head-on. The result will have a profound bearing on the July Convention.

It may not be a good year, however, for a

ettlement area in Hong Kong during his private tour of Asia



President Johnson adjusts the microphone as he prepares to address the National Press Club in Washington

Republican to seek the Presidential nomination. True, President Kennedy four years ago won by a very narrow margin over Mr Nixon, and the Republicans may hope for a decisive turn in the tide. But Kennedy's administration has left behind it a strong, forthright and sympathetic image, from which President Johnson can only benefit; and L. B. Johnson himself has lent an able, relaxed and politically highly competent presence to the White House. Unless he has one of those runs of bad luck that sometimes affect public affairs, he will be a hard man to unseat in November. An ambitious Republican might well be advised to bide his time until 1968. But little good comes in politics of refusing a challenge. Messrs. Rockefeller, Goldwater, Lodge, Scranton and Nixon would not be living up to American ideals if they refused a chance of securing power in Washington, were the chance offered them.

Not much controversy so far in the American primary elections has turned on questions of foreign policy. But as the Presidential campaigns gather speed during the summer and autumn, the Republican candidates are bound to probe for points on the international scene with which they can scarify the administration. And there are many, not of major significance, but all irritants. There is the endless drain on United States resources in the Vietnam war; the petty quarrel with Panama over the Canal, and the affront offered to American self-regard by the existence of Communist Cuba. Among other matters is the disarray caused in the State Department by President de Gaulle's independent *politique de la gloire*; the problem of whether there is room for a further " opening to the left " in agreements with Russia and her bloc, either over trade or disarmament; and the fearsome 64-dollar question of whether ever to recognise what Americans like to call " Red China."

A new look at old foreign policies has recently been urged by Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, chairman of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee. The Senator accused the United States of clinging to old myths that dated from the worst stages of cold war, 15 years ago. Communism he claimed to be no longer a monolithic menace. Russia, he thought, while still " a most formidable adversary, has ceased to be totally and implacably hostile to the West." And even with China he believed it possible to enter into " relatively normal relations."

Senator Fulbright has been sharply disowned by Mr Dean Rusk, the Secretary of State, and in the predominantly Republican American newspapers and magazines that reach Britain his ideas have had a cool reception. " Fulbright," *Time* intoned, " may find that some of his own ' realities ' are themselves dangerous myths."

But there are signs that the President's mind is not cast in such a Dulles-like mould. He has been cautious in his pronouncements on foreign affairs. Upon the 15th anniversary of Nato last week, Mr Johnson reassured the alliance that it was " a tested and recognised foundation stone of America's foreign policy." He also declared that: " we, for our part, will never turn back to separated insecurity." But, speaking presumably of French initiatives, he welcomed " the new strength of our transatlantic allies." And in relation to Russia, while proclaiming that " flexibility does not mean softness," he urged America's allies to " be alive to the new spirit of diversity that's now abroad in Eastern Europe." It seems as if the rigidity of attitude that characterised the Eisenhower regime, and that Kennedy had to re-invoke at the time of the Cuban crisis, is now not beyond careful and far-sighted reconsideration at the White House.

Alan Hodge

A "RESOLUTE REBUFF" TO CHINA

Mr Khrushchev points animatedly while speaking to workers in a chemical factory in Kazincbarcika, in Hungary. During his tour of that country his attacks on the Chinese communists grew increasingly bitter. He kept them up on his return to Moscow last weekend. In a radio and television report to the Soviet people, the Soviet Premier contrasted the Soviet doctrine of equality of all members of the communist community with the Chinese claim to play " a special role " and be the superior member. He called for a " resolute rebuff " to the Chinese. His appearance was seen and heard in all the Eastern European countries except Albania and Rumania. Leaders of these two countries are not expected to be in Moscow on Friday of this week to join with the other East European chiefs in celebrating Mr Khrushchev's 70th birthday and probably starting to organise a world conference of communist parties.

THREESOME IN THE AIR

Above: This Hawker Siddeley P.1127 has the tripartite markings of Great Britain, the United States and West Germany. It is the first of these V/STOL Tactical Strike Reconnaissance Aircraft for the world's first V/STOL fighter squadron, which is also unique in that the three countries shown in the markings are jointly participating in it

Left: Representatives of the countries in the tripartite squadron with their P.1127 are: in cockpit, Major J. K. Campbell, USAF; on steps, Colonel G. F. Barkhorn, West German Air Force, at top, and Lieut.-Commander J. J. Tyson, US Navy; on the ground, from left: Mr A. W. (" Bill ") Bedford, Chief Test Pilot, Hawker Blackburn Division; Wing Commander D. M. Scrimgeour, RAF; Lieut.-Col. L. Solt, US Army; and Mr H. Merewether, who is the Deputy Chief Test Pilot, Hawker Blackburn Division

The world's first V/STOL fighter squadron will be formed by the end of the year at the RAF station at West Raynham, in Norfolk, and will embody a new concept in international collaboration by having three countries—Britain, the USA and West Germany—taking part in it. The squadron will be equipped with the Hawker Siddeley P.1127. The Commanding Officer will be Wing Commander D. M. Scrimgeour, RAF, and the Deputy Commanders will be Lieut.-Colonel Lowell Solt of the US Army, and Colonel G. F. Barkhorn of West Germany. Representatives of the three countries are now in Britain and working on the initial stages of the squadron's formation. Pilots and technicians will have the task of evaluating new operational tactics for jet vertical take-off and landing.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15, John Adam Street, London, WC2

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Revolting Easter

Nature and man combined together to secure a record in revoltingness for the Easter holidays. A record earthquake, a record spell of bitter weather. In England, some misguided young people, the hope of the future, did their puny best to imitate the convulsions of nature. Some hundreds of policemen were required to deal with terrorisation at Clacton by rival gangs of young people, and at the US base at Ruislip a ban the bomb rally kept another police force busy. At Brighton, the young Socialists slapped their seniors in the face, tore up the charter, *Signpost to the 60s*, and voted for a root-and-branch Trotskyism. These manifestations of civilised behaviour by some of the youth of Britain certainly contradicted the " sweet reasonableness " of the Liberals at Harrogate who demanded a charter for 18-year-olds (the age of responsibility), and confirmed that the right use of leisure is not as yet universally understood. No doubt boys will be boys, but it is a tragedy that there are so many fathers who have forgotten to be men. You can't birch an earthquake or a polar wind, but such particular manifestations of " youth at the prow and leisure at the helm " could well be diminished to the greater dignity of our nation, and " in the bad old days " Clacton men would have defended their town with their fists. But let us keep a sense of proportion. Earthquakes are beyond our control. Teenage delinquency is neither general nor yet beyond control in Britain. For every young thug, there are scores and scores of young people who make a wise and decent use of leisure. The delinquents are encouraged by publicity. As a result, a most undignified image of Britain is thrown on the screen. We are made to appear like the nightmare picture of a large public school in which the governing body, headmaster and staff, prefects and upper forms, are terrorised and bedevilled, scorned and jeered at, by a small clique in the lower fourth. This state of affairs calls for energetic action. To use the existing laws to punish young thugs would be called " putting the clock back." But who put the clock back to barbarism at Clacton?

Festival of youth

Obviously prevention is better than cure, and to reclaim the perverted mind is better than to enforce the law and enlarge prisons and step up penalties. For years Home Secretaries and magistrates have attempted to practise this fine ideal and, at the end, crime and hooliganism have flourished on it and won all down the line. The forces of disorder hold the stricken field, and long-term planning for reclamation of minds diseased is not alone good enough. Parents have failed, teachers have failed and authority has failed to arrest the incidence of crime and hooliganism. Penal laws are presumably created to deal with such an emergency, since contemporary society needs protection as much as the society of the future. The penalties prescribed in existing legislation to prevent or check adult and juvenile delinquency are seldom fully enforced and always the tendency has been to soften and humanise them. Yet one supposes they were written in to deal with such emergencies as exist today. As regards juvenile delinquency and hooliganism, is it any longer realistic to suggest that the best remedy for these evils is to bribe the offenders by offering them better amenities for amusement? The things that chiefly amuse them are for the most part shoddy and trivial, and there are plenty of them. Romford may have " a cemetery and a sewage-disposal plant " but it also has bingo halls and pop facilities, as well as fine opportunities for patriotic service. If Romford is " dull," there is no reason why its youth should wreck Clacton; nor for a generation to come is it likely that more advice bureaux for parents and young people will cure such illogical reasoning. " Society " may be in part to blame, but the living society has not forfeited its right to protection. " Boys will be boys " and society has always reluctantly tolerated their pranks, which are hard to detect when a stretched police force is fully occupied. Today their pranks are getting beyond endurance. It is not only in drab cities that " boredom " induces hooliganism. It is in lesser degree commonplace in peaceful villages. Sign and direction posts stand little chance of survival, deck chairs and other amenities, railway carriages and public rooms are ruined, and the cost to public authorities and residents continually grows, as teenage " dares " induce more and more serious hooliganism. The laws which exist have adequate penalties, and the time has come to use them.

Mortlake tapestry

But, thank heaven, the national tapestry has some less depressing panels. The Boat Race is in the bag, and this annual event always cheers me to remember that our British character is by no means dormant. It must have warmed the hearts of patriots on the Putney-Mortlake towpath, even if their bodies froze, to see living proof that still, as of old, 18 young men, nurtured " in the lap of luxury " at Oxbridge, will voluntarily dedicate themselves to months of arduous preparation for a contest which may strain their hearts permanently, and for weeks on end will expose their bodies to arctic winds and strict diet, for a wreath of laurels. The youth of England even now is not all revolting, crooning and swooning. Nor are these 18 stalwarts unique pioneers. All the year through some part of the youth of England seems to be engaged in rescuing another part from mountain peaks, pot-holes, forced marches, endurance tests and whatnot, while before March is out, children are slogging the roads with heavy packs and sleeping under cotton in the mud. We need a reminder of this good survival, because the revolters, the swooners and the crooners get all the headlines, and only the casualties among the robust element are noticed in the Press. So our national tapestry is not all *petit point* and *petit maître*. There is

Above: Mr A. G. S. Enser, the Eastbourne Borough Librarian, stands inside the readers' adviser's desk at the opening of the Borough's new £200,000 library. It is built on the site of the old library destroyed by bombs in 1943
Right: A pair of silver candlesticks, in a collection of 22 pieces designed by A. G. Styles of Garrard and Co. Ltd., London, the Crown Jewellers. They were presented by local firms to the newly formed Luton Borough Council

Above: The interior of Saint Mary's Priory, a new Roman Catholic Church at Leyland, Lancs. The church is circular in design and seats 1,200 people. At the centre is the Sanctuary above which is a central lantern. The roof with concrete beams radiating from the lantern is supported by 14 "Y"-shaped columns of precast reinforced concrete **Left:** The concrete structure of St. Mary's has been carefully designed to integrate with the functional requirements of the church

Left: Presented with gallantry medals by Princess Marina at the Royal National Lifeboat Institution's Annual Meeting are, from left: Coxswain H. Petit (gold); Mechanic E. Pattimore (bronze); Member J. Petit (bronze), all from St. Peter Port, Guernsey, Coxswain Scott, Mumbles (silver); Second Coxswain R. Taylor, Wells (bronze); Coxswain Hickey, Youghal, Eire (bronze); Coxswain J. Plummer, Caister, Norfolk (bronze); Mechanic Houlihan, Valentia, Eire (bronze)

plenty of *gros point*, stitching an heroic theme. The affluent society deservedly has hard words said about it. The golden calf has too many worshippers. But there's no money in the Boat Race for the labourers, and that (as a rule) goes for the Budget, soon to be in the bag also. Take heart, therefore; our national character is still "good in parts." The open spaces all over Britain, thronged with merry-makers during that arctic Easter, all too lightly clad, testified to that. Uncountable thousands made the best of the worst.

The litter season

The litter season has begun and already is doing its damnedest to out-colour the gorse and the primroses and daffodil fields on the commons and open spaces. Who cares? A few old fogies, perhaps, local residents. The offence is hard to detect; to bring half-a-dozen offenders to court requires more policemen than can possibly be spared and more witnesses prepared to testify in court than exist. A majority of the nation either don't mind, don't care or don't think about litter. Even if a case does come to court, a prosecution witness is often regarded as a busybody. Schoolchildren and cigarette smokers today are probably the largest groups of offenders. For them it is a matter of course to let sweet-wrappings and cartons fall to the ground. Some years ago the Women's Institutes solemnly bound themselves and their members to combat the evil. Many thousands of those members are mothers of young children at school. I wonder if it has occurred to the president of any single Women's Institute that a very hopeful means of checking this evil in the young exists, and could easily be practised by WI members. Each child receiving its daily or weekly dole to buy tooth-rotting sweets could be told that unless he brought back entire to mother the wrapping or carton of the chosen sweet, there would be no money next time. If that rule were enforced, quite a big part of the litter problem would soon be solved; and, more, it might inculcate a habit of tidiness which would survive schooldays. The Women's Institutes swore to help tackle the problem, but were they sober when they swore? If schoolteachers have proved powerless, parents might try their hands at it.

" MS in the red box "

Our annual Budget, like our long-range weather forecasts, leaves plenty of room for guessing, and when the Chancellor holds up the traditional red box on his way to the House on Budget Day, only a handful of men know the secrets it contains. While he works on it, he receives plenty of advice from financial pundits and economists, and every year we are astonished how much of that wisdom is discarded. He is told that 6d off income tax is desirable; that a simplified form of tax collection is long overdue; that gambling, now a serious national evil, can provide a rich source of revenue, and that he will never succeed in restraining demands for higher wages until he has correspondingly restrained capital gains. All this good advice, often contradictory, he (or his staff) no doubt glances through and then he gets down to authorship. And every year the advance publicity given to his " MS in the red box " promises a " best seller " and usually results in a " sell." Another usual feature is that it does not appear he has taken much advice from outside. He's written to please himself.

The Old Stager

CANADIANS AT CHICHESTER

In *Love's Labour's Lost*, at Chichester, Hugh Webster as Sir Nathaniel, Tony Van Bridge as Dull, Douglas Rain as Holofernes, Helen Burns as Jaquenett

For three weeks (until April 25), the Stratford Festival Company of Canada is staging three plays at the Festival Theatre in Chichester; *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. The two Shakespeare plays are directed by Michael Langham, *Timon of Athens* is in modern dress and set in the post-Suez Middle East, which according to Mr Langham more than adequately reflects the play's social turbulence and quick changes of fortune. Molière's play, directed by Jean Gascon, represents French Canada and a refreshing deviation from strict devotion to Shakespeare. The season at Chichester is Stratford's contribution to the bard's 400th anniversary celebrations. The Canadian company is the first guest group at Chichester's Festival Theatre, which has an open stage design very much like that at the theatre at Stratford, Ontario, only larger. Mr Langham has arranged to have it reduced in size, bringing the audience closer to his actors. On April 24 there is to be a gala performance in the presence of the Queen Mother. Three days later the company flies back to Canada to rehearse for its own summer season.

Above: In *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, Douglas Rain(left) plays Monsieur Jourdain and Mervyn Blake, the Philosophy Mast
Right: Frances Hyland as Lucille (right) and Len Cariou as Cleonte. Behind them is the specially constructed stage balcon

Timon of Athens acted in modern dress by the Stratford company. The play, set in the post-Suez Middle East, is directed by Michael Langham

Above: In *Timon of Athens*, Diana Maddox as Timandra, John Colicos as Timon, the misanthropic hero, and William Hutt as Alcibiades, an Athenian captain

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

86 **TANGANYIKA**

Tanganyika's exports and tourism

The total value of exports from Tanganyika last year was £63,553,374, an increase of £12,312,409 over the figure reached in 1962. Re-exports totalled £1,585,367, a fall of nearly £800,000.

Total net imports in 1963 were worth £40,417,767 compared with £39,816,948 in 1962. The total revenue collected in 1963 from import and export duties and excise duty was £17,103,734.

Tanganyika's total volume of trade reached £105,556,508, compared with £93,391,877 in the previous year.

Exports to Communist China, which were nil in 1962, amounted to £3,713,467, while exports to Yugoslavia rose from £11,731 in 1962 to £779,114. Exports to Hungary were nil in 1962, but totalled £102,909 in 1963.

The largest part of the country's exports went to Britain, who took £20,666,850 worth of goods, compared with £18,399,593 in 1962.

The next largest customer was West Germany, taking £4,722,965 worth of goods. Following closely were Hong Kong, with £4,643,259, and the United States, with £4,313,600.

Both imports from and exports to South Africa have declined sharply over the past two years. Exports to South Africa dropped from £836,674 to £550,601, while imports fell from £414,550 to £181,263.

Imports from Britain rose slightly from £10,404,077 to £10,839,894. Imports from China went up from £11,231 to £93,554, and from Czechoslovakia from £161,547 to £246,845.

The value of raw cotton exported from Tanganyika rose from £7,392,659 to £10,717,032. The value of sisal exports went up by almost 50 per cent. from £15,734,144 in 1962 to £22,671,173.

" A splendid job "

The report of the East Africa Tourist Travel Association states that the year 1963 will go down in history as the most successful one ever known in the 15-year life of the tourist industry of East Africa—with an increase of more than 16,000 visitors above the previous record figure of 68,145 in 1962.

The report goes on: " The Tanganyika National Tourist Board had done a ' splendid job ' in co-ordinating and developing the tourist industry within the Republic. It had been given funds to enable it to support financially the information bureaux in Dar-es-Salaam, Arusha and Moshi and to provide much needed amenities such as tourist roads.

It had encouraged new hotels to be built and extensions to be constructed as well as improvements to existing hotels and lodges. It was also taking a keen interest in the development of camping sites.

In Tanganyika, very active steps had been taken, and were still being taken, to increase all types of hotel and lodge accommodation.

Solid activity was taking place in Dar-es-Salaam, where a new luxury hotel was under construction, and a large hotel was nearing completion, said the report."

Above: In Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika, President Nyerere gives a carving of a Masai warrior to Colonel Carter, commanding the British Marine Commandos called to Tanganyika during the recent mutiny
Right: Arriving at Dar-es-Salaam Airport, is the advance party of the Nigerian battalion to replace the British Commandos

Above: The designated Zanzibar High Commissioner in London, Shaikh Othman Sharif
Below: The Archbishop of East Africa, the Most Reverend James Beecher, arrives in London. He first went to Kenya in 1927, and was ordained two years later

Above: The Prime Minister of Barbados introduces members of his Cabinet to the Queen Mother during her recent convalescent visit to the West Indies. From left to right, they are: Mr Cameron Tudor, Minister of Education; Mr W. A. Crawford, Minister of Tourism; Mr J. C. T. Branckner, Speaker of the House of Assembly; Sir Grey Massiah, President of the Legislative Council

Top: The British aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Albion* arrives in Grand Harbour at Valletta, Malta, on her way home from the Far East

Left: The Australian cricketers due in England this week for this summer's tour are: front row (from left): P. Burge, N. O'Neill, R. Simpson (capt.), R. Steele (manager), B. Booth (vice-capt.), W. Lawry and W. Grout. Second row (from left): R. Sellers, T. Veivers, J. Potter, J. Ledward (assistant manager), G. McKenzie, I. Redpath, B. Jarman. Back row: A. James (masseur), N. Hawke, G. Corling, J. Martin, R. Cowper, A. Connolly and D. Sherwood (scorer)

CUCKOOLAND AND CLOUDS

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu,
Groweth sed and bloweth med,
And springeth the wude nu
Sing cuccu.

That song (only the first of the three verses is at all well known), written about 1250, is one of the oldest in our literature. Nowadays, of course, we check the cuckoo by the calendar. When that song was written it was otherwise: then the cuckoo was the calendar. Not only in Britain. Much earlier Aristophanes had this:

In Sidon and Egypt the cuckoo was king.
They wait to this hour for the cuckoo to sing.
And when he begins, be it later or early,
They reckon it lawful to gather their barley.

The cuckoo was not, of course, the only "calendar bird." In this connection there are references in European literature to the crane, the kite, the swallow and the woodcock. But the cuckoo was by far the most important. References to it in connection with agriculture and the weather are to be found in the folk literature of almost every (I suspect, every) European country. Britain has any number of them. Perhaps the best known, certainly the most important (it is to be found in various forms all over the country), is this:

If the cuckoo lights on a bare bough,
Keep your hay and sell your cow.
But if he comes on the blooming may,
Keep your cow and sell your hay.

The logic—remember, that was composed before the days of artificial fertilisers and all the other gimmicks of modern agriculture—is obvious enough. With a backward spring, crops are likely to be light and fodder for beasts none too plentiful: it would be wise, therefore, not to carry too big a head of stock and to conserve your hay. But with a forward spring, crops are likely to be heavy and fodder for the beasts plentiful: it would be foolish, therefore, to conserve the hay left over from the winter. But there is more, implicit in those lines, to the doggerel than that. Our forefathers knew that the cuckoo brought the spring with it. But they believed that it also brought with it the weather and that the weather would continue pretty well throughout the summer. If the cuckoo alighted on a bare branch, it was not going to be a very good summer: but, at any rate, it would be better than winter. It was for this reason that the men of Gotham tried to pen the cuckoo: if they could keep it, then they would keep spring and summer. The men of Gotham have been a joke for some three centuries. In fact, they were performing an ancient religious ceremony, one of the annual ceremonies of Nature Worship. There are traditions of cuckoo capturing, there are "cuckoo pens" (usually isolated hills with a clump of trees on the top) all over the country from Cumberland to Kent.

Naturally, the cuckoo, bringing the spring, was also connected with luck and with love. There are any number of superstitions, in this country and elsewhere, about the direction from which the first call of the year is heard (it is particularly unlucky if it comes from behind you) and in Wales young girls used to ask the cuckoo how soon they would be married. The number of answering calls told the number of years. It must have been rather disheartening sometimes, since a cuckoo may call as many as ten times in succession. And, of course, there was the less pleasant side:

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear
Unpleasing to a married ear.

Thus, Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost*. The Elizabethans believed that the hen cuckoo was the adulteress, that she became the mistress of a cock of another species and laid her eggs in his nest. Thus, it was the cock cuckoo that was deceived: hence cuckold. An inaccurate observation. The bird has a bad reputation for conjugal infidelity which is not really justified. The cuckoo may be polygamous, polyandrous, promiscuous (I do not think that anyone really knows which), but at any rate cuckoo mates with cuckoo.

But the bad reputation has stuck and is enhanced by the lack of parental instinct. We all listen eagerly for the first call of the cuckoo (there is considerable competition to be the first to record it in the columns of the daily press) but you will find few people with a good word to say for the bird. At the bottom of this widespread dislike you will, if you enquire, always come up against the fact the bird lays its eggs in the nests of other birds and undertakes no parental responsibilities. "It ain't natural." But it is natural for the cuckoo. Or, rather, for our cuckoo: there are cuckoos in other parts of the world that build their nests and hatch their eggs. And there are some that are just beginning to follow the example of *Cuculus canorus*, that are just beginning to learn that one of the great secrets of material success in life is to get others to do the hard work for you. (All millionaires learn this lesson early in life!) And, make no mistake, *Cuculus canorus* is one of the most successful of birds that flock our countryside.

Consider what happens. The young cuckoo, having thrown from the nest the rightful inhabitants—an outstanding example of personal initiative at an early age—is brought up by foster-parents of another species (meadow pipit, hedge sparrow, robin, pied wagtail, are the most common fosterers) and is fed as would be the young of that species. When it finally leaves the nest, it has but to squat with open mouth to be fed by any passing bird: another outstanding example of personal initiative. I have seen a cuckoo, reared in a robin's nest in my garden, squat on the lawn to be fed not only by the robins but also by thrushes, blackbirds, and chaffinches. The one certain thing about all this is that the young cuckoo can have no idea that it is a cuckoo.

Its parents (whom it has never seen) leave in July to winter by the Mediterranean. But it stays on. And then one day, at summer's end, it realises that it is not a robin or whatever, but a cuckoo with no place in the English winter. So it goes (and we do not see it go as we do the swallows in their little parties) off to the Riviera: all by itself, no one to show the way. A wonderful bird, the cuckoo. One might say an outstanding example of successful private enterprise.

ERIC HOSKING

A young, featherless cuckoo pushes an egg out of a tree pipit's nest, to give itself more room

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Above: *Sovereign* and crew, who may challenge for the America's Cup, begin full-time training near Southampton
Below: *Gipsy Moth III*, rigged as a cutter, leaves Plymouth on a long Atlantic voyage in 1962

The racing calendar for this season is not only richer in fixtures than ever before, as regards numbers, but it also contains several important events which do not come our way every year. In addition to the increasing number of regattas of national, international and regional interest, the many class meetings for the championships of the various keelboat and dinghy classes and a full, but not Fastnet-year, ocean racing programme, there are a few special events of interest to sailing yachtsmen which will have their own "aficionados" according to inclination or taste. Because it is a matter of taste and personal inclination I do not suggest any precedence according to importance.

There are said to be a dozen or so entries for the second single-handed transatlantic race which starts from Plymouth on May 23. Francis Chichester who won the first race in *Gipsy Moth III* in 1960 will have more, if not necessarily stiffer, opposition than the last time, including two entries from France. Others who took part in 1960 and are entered again include Dr David Lewis, this time in the catamaran *Rehu Moana* which took him on the not so successful Greenland expedition last year, and Val Howells. That great individualist, pioneer and experimenter, "Blondie" Hasler, has so far not made his plans known, but I would not be surprised to see him among the starters, perhaps in some entirely revolutionary, hitherto unheard of, craft.

In the old contest for the America's Cup the great match is scheduled to begin on September 15 off Newport, where, as an innovation, all the races will be sailed on a triangular, Olympic type course. This time we have two new potential challengers, the best of whom will fight for the honour. *Sovereign*, built last year for J. A. G. Boyden, has been got ready in good time and has already started her tuning up and crew training at sea. *Kurrewa V*, in the charge of Owen Aisher, was due to be launched at the end of March, but has suffered delays through labour shortage at her builders' yard. It was originally intended that the two should begin sailing trials against each other on May 2 off the Nab Tower, but there is to be a delay of at least one week. Thus there will not be much time left for the two to sail together before they are shipped to America at the end of June and the middle of July respectively.

This is the year of the Olympics and naturally a great deal of attention will be focused on the four of the five classes which are to take part in the Olympic Regatta in Japan this autumn. (There is not much likelihood of a British entry in the Star Class.) Several meetings have been designated by the RYA as "indicator trials," but the final selection trials for the two keelboat classes and the Flying Dutchman Class are to take place in Poole Bay between June 27 and July 5 under the joint management of the Poole Bay Olympic SA and the Royal Motor YC.

While boats in these three classes have to be shipped to Japan in good time, the dinghies for the single-handed Finn Class are, as usual, provided by the organising nation. The final selection trials for Finns will be held at Weymouth between August 9 and 17.

A SHIP OF THE LINE

H.M.S. *Aurora's* heritage of courage

The new Leander class anti-submarine frigate H.M.S. *Aurora*, which was commissioned last week, is the ninth ship of the Royal Navy to bear the famous name. None of her eight predecessors was lost to enemy action while in the service of the Crown. Two of her forbears were captured from the French and renamed. Another was lost on her first voyage with all hands, and yet another transferred to the Chinese navy in 1948, went over to the Communist cause in the same year, and was subsequently sunk.

The name *Aurora* was first used by the Admiralty during the Seven Years War, when in 1757 the French 5th Rate *Abenakise* was taken by H.M.S. *Chichester* and commissioned into the Navy with the name *Aurora*. She served in the Downs Squadron, commanded at that time by Sir Percy Brett, for three years before being paid off and broken up at the termination of hostilities.

Her successor, launched at Chatham in 1766, but not commissioned until 1769, was a 5th Rate of 682 tons. She set sail under Captain Henry Lee, and a former Governor of Bengal, Henry Vansittart, was on board as a passenger. The second *Aurora* left Cape Town on December 27, 1769, bound for the East India Station and was never heard of again, eventually being presumed lost with all hands.

The third *Aurora* was built at Blackwall in 1776, commissioned by Captain Cummings and departed the following year to join Rear-Admiral Barrington on the Leeward Islands Station. She took part in the repulse of the attack on St. Lucia in the American War of Independence. In 1783, the ship returned to England and was paid off. Brought into commission again at the outbreak of the French Revolutionary War, she succeeded in capturing no less than 48 enemy *continued on page 92*

Above: H.M.S. *Aurora*, a new Leander class anti-submarine frigate, moves down the Clyde in Scotland after her completion at the yard of her builders John Brown and Co. (Clydebank) Ltd.

Left: The commanding officer of *Aurora*, the ninth ship in this Royal Naval line, is Captain G. C. Mitchell, RN

Above right: The first H.M.S. *Aurora*, a ship captured from the French and renamed in the mid-18th century, would have been very similar to this frigate

Right: A likeness of the third *Aurora*, broken up in 1814

Below: A watercolour by J. Bushman of H.M.S. *Phoenix*. The second *Aurora* would have resembled her closely

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

A SHIP OF THE LINE *continued from page 91*

merchantmen and eight men-of-war in the course of the hostilities. In 1789, she was present at the capture of the island of Minorca. In the Napoleonic Wars, she took part in the reduction of Santo Domingo, and in the capture of Guadeloupe. *Aurora* the third was finally paid off in 1810 and broken up in 1814.

In the same year, the French 5th Rate *Clorinde* of 1,083 tons was captured off Brest by H.M.S. *Eurotas*, and renamed the *Aurora*. Sent to the West Indies for a number of years, one of her commanders was the brother of the novelist Jane Austen, Captain Charles John Austen. In 1832, however, we find her serving as a coal depot in Falmouth. This ship was finally broken up in 1851. Ten years later her successor, a screw frigate of 2,558 tons, was launched at Pembroke. She protected British interests in Heligoland during the Seven Weeks War, and was broken up in 1881.

Six years later her successor was launched at Pembroke. However, it was not until 1899 that she was sent on her first mission, being ordered to the Peiho River in China. Detachments of her crew were disembarked to take part in the relief of the Pekin Legations, besieged by the Boxers. In 1902 she returned to England, and was sold in 1905.

The seventh *Aurora*, a light cruiser of 3,500 tons, was launched at Devonport in 1913. She joined the Harwich Forces, and with them passed the major part of World War I, taking part in the Dogger Bank action and, in August, 1915, in the search for the German minelayer *Meteor*. In 1920 she was transferred to the Canadian Navy.

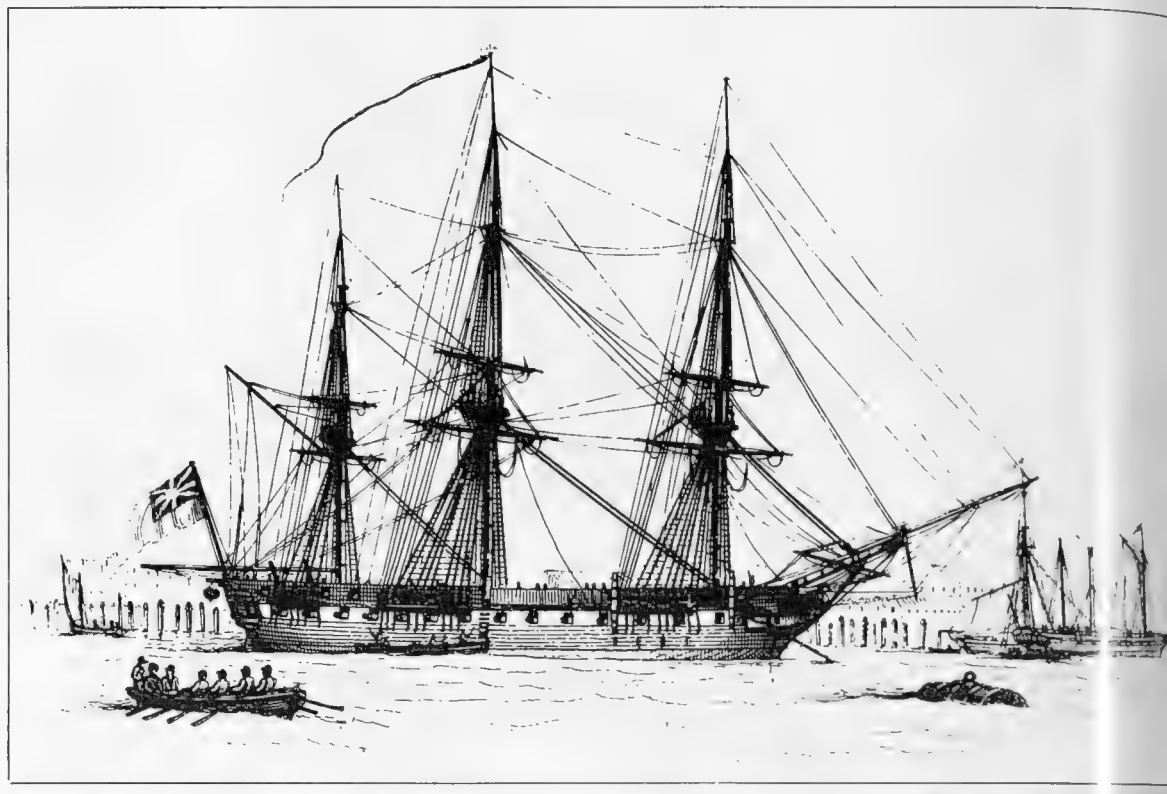
In 1936, a new Arethusa class cruiser, displacing 5,250 tons, was launched at Portsmouth Dockyard and was given the name *Aurora*. She was at Scapa at the outbreak of the Second World War, serving as the flagship to the Rear-Admiral (Destroyers) Home Fleet. During May, 1940, *Aurora* was with the Home Fleet off the coast of Norway, and bombarded enemy installations. Damaged by aircraft shortly afterwards, the ship had to return to Portsmouth for repairs.

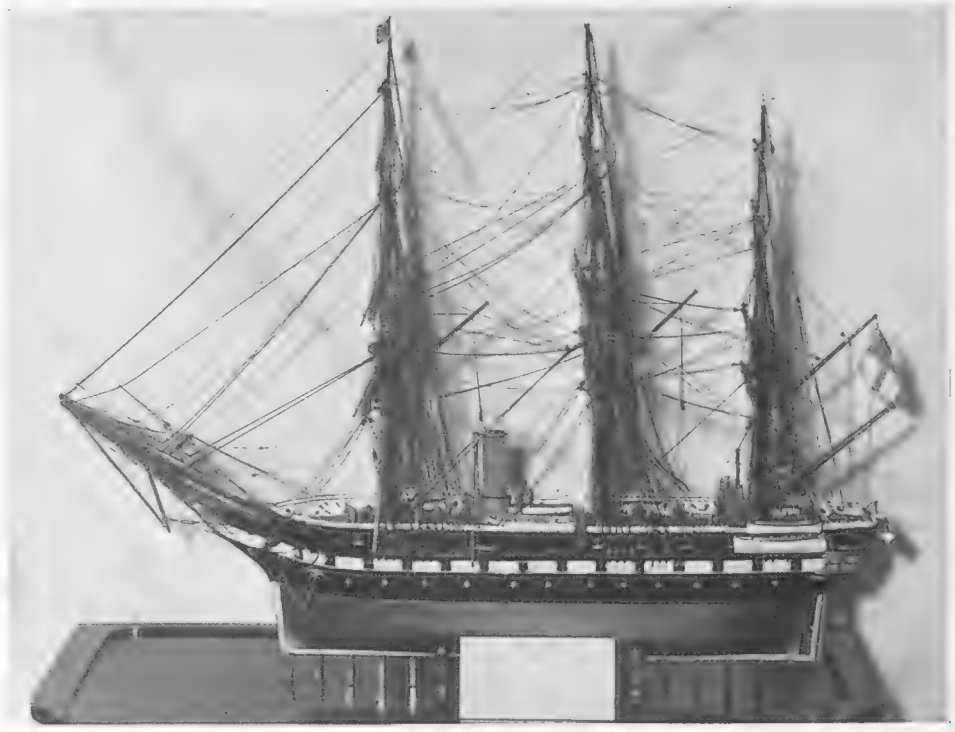
In May, 1941, the eighth *Aurora* was among the Home Fleet ships which hunted down the *Bismarck* and took part in the ensuing search for enemy supply ships. In company with H.M.S. *Kenya*, she sank the submarine tender *Belchen*—her first kill. With the entry of Russia into the war, she joined Force "A" under Rear-Admiral Vian. In September, the Force met an enemy convoy off North Cape and, in company with H.M.S. *Nigeria*, *Aurora* sank the German training battleship *Bremse*. In October, she left the Home Fleet to join the Mediterranean Fleet. There, under the command of Captain W. G. Agnew, C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., she earned the nickname the "Silver Phantom" and was the flagship of Force "K", commanded by Captain Agnew, based on Malta. In November, she took part in the sinking of an entire enemy convoy. Later she was damaged herself by a mine off Tripoli, and had to return to England for repairs.

In 1942, *Aurora* took part in the landings at Oran. In the course of this operation, three French destroyers were engaged. One was sunk, one driven aground, and one retired. In December, as the flagship of Force "Q", she engaged an enemy convoy north of Cape Bon, in which action four merchant ships were destroyed and the destroyer *Folgore* was sunk.

In 1942, she took part in the bombardment and capture of Pantellaria. She had the distinction of conveying Admiral Cunningham and General Eisenhower to watch this action. Later in the same month she conveyed King George VI from Tripoli to Malta, and it was in H.M.S. *Aurora* that he made his entry into Grand Harbour, Valetta. She took part in the landings at Salerno before being transferred to the Aegean. In the invasion of Leros, she was badly damaged by enemy aircraft, and sustained the loss of 47 killed and 30 wounded. She was escorted to Alexandria for repairs, and then to Taranto, remaining there until September, 1944. In that year she was present at the capture of the island of Levitha and formed part of the force which helped to contain enemy shipping in Rhodes harbour. During the Greek Civil War, she was at Salonika. By the end of the Second World War, *Aurora* had taken part in the destruction of six enemy warships and 14 merchant ships. In 1948 she was transferred to the Chinese navy and renamed the *Chunking*.

A number of the ship's company of the eighth *Aurora* attended the commissioning of the new frigate, among them the actor Kenneth More who served in her as a Lieutenant, RNVR. He was Anti-Aircraft Gunnery Control Officer, and was then made ship's Broadcasting Officer. He gave running com-





BY PERMISSION OF H.M.S. DRAKE

Above: T e fourth the line o the R Navy's H.M S. *Aur* was origina the Fre 5th Rate C *rinde* (1 tons) captu ed off B by H.M.S. *Eurotas* 1814. She as rena *Aurora* and served the West In ies Sta
Left: A n del of sixth *Auro* , a sc frigate laun hed in 1 Shortly bef re the of the last century was ordere to Ch Detachmen s of crew took part in famous sie e of P
Above righ t: The cruiser *Auro a*, launc in 1913, st ams af with the H rwich L Cruiser Force in First World War. background is H. *Penelope*. This *Au* was transferred to Royal Canadian Na 1920
Bottom right: *Au* which had a distingu ed career in the last

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Above: Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Le Fanu was Gunnery Officer in the *Aurora* of the last war

Left: A special *Sphere* drawing by Wm. McDowell from the issue of January 2, 1943. " A brilliant action is here seen in progress. Light forces under the command of Rear-Admiral C. H. J. Harcourt, C.B.E., engaged an enemy convoy bound for Tunisia and sank four ships of the convoy and two of the escorting destroyers . . ."

mentaries on each action for the benefit of the crew—a valuable morale raiser which was adopted by other ships in the Mediterranean, subsequently. The present Controller of the Navy, Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Le Fanu, served as the Gunnery Control Officer for a time. His wife, who launched the new *Aurora* in 1962, has presented a painting to the officers of the new frigate, depicting the previous *Aurora* fighting a night action in the Mediterranean.

The city of Bradford, which adopted the previous *Aurora*, has agreed to maintain its connection with H.M.S. *Aurora* by adopting the new frigate. After tuning her weapon systems, the ship will take up her duties as leader of the 2nd Frigate Squadron, based on Portsmouth. (Details of the construction of the new *Aurora* are on pages 100 and 101.)

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

INDIAN TOUR BY SYLVIE NICKELS

The second article on a very recent visit

Every country in the world has its champions and its critics, but I doubt if any arouses more violent a reaction one way or the other than India. My own prejudices are already established: it is a marvellous, magnificent, maddening kaleidoscope of history and humanity, and to attempt to fathom its incomprehensibilities can be one of the most humbling experiences in the world.

Jet travel does not make matters easier (though thank heavens for the opportunity it provides), for to leave London in a bleak flurry of snow and to land in New Delhi in balmy temperatures at sunrise less than 15 hours later allows for no mental readjustments. Later this year, when BOAC introduce VC10s on the London-Bombay route, the transition will be even briefer.

Whether you should begin in Delhi (for the north) or Bombay (for the west, centre and south) must depend on when you travel. The main tourist season is from October to March, but in the interests of sightseeing comfort it is wise to leave south India by the end of February when temperatures really start hotting up.

It is quite futile to think of India in terms of one country, in any case. Each of its 16 states is a country in itself, and every one of them will waste no time in telling you that it is the only one with such remarkable temples from such-and-such an era, or such varied scenery, or so temperate a climate, or such a high level of education or industrialisation, usually with justification.

You will further collect so much advice from other visitors and the Indians themselves (for they are great people for getting into conversation with foreigners), each with their own pet temples, palaces, beaches, cities, hill stations, that you will even begin to doubt the evidence of your own eyes. However, since no one can explain India to you second-hand, there is nothing for it but to see as much of it as possible and decide for yourself where you will concentrate on your next tour.

This is my own suggestion for a three-week itinerary. You could fit in more places, but this I think is the absolute limit of what anyone can absorb in the time. Crossing the vast distances is facilitated by the fine network of Indian Airlines and, though certain long-distance trains are partially or completely air-conditioned, on the whole I would postpone rail travel until a longer visit.

Your first port of call in each place should be the Government or State Tourist Department office who can give you much good advice and put you on to a trained guide, if this has not been pre-arranged. If you go without one to places of tourist interest, you will probably be beleagured by the self-appointed type as well as missing a lot. Do not give money to beggars (nor continually bemoan the fact they exist; they do and you may as well resign yourself to it). The Government is trying to stamp out begging and you will help them much more in this monumental task by giving money to the central organisation—as long as you do not forget.

Two or three days in Delhi is enough to register the basic facts of this curiously uncentralised capital: that its administrative area has even more spacious grace than the Champs Elysées; that the oldest monuments (notably the Qutb Minar Tower of Victory and surroundings) are in the New Delhi area; that you are far more obviously in India in Old Delhi, where the huge 17th century Jama Masjid Mosque looks out over the bazaar shambles to the Red Fort. Delhi is also well provided with Mogul mausoleums; that of Humayun is the best as long as you have not already seen the Taj Mahal, 40 minutes away by air in Agra.

Agra is often accorded 24 hours. It deserves at least 48, especially if you have any imagination, in which case the deserted 16th century palaces of Fatehpur Sikri (23 miles) built by that genial giant of a Mogul emperor Akbar, will appeal to you immensely. Fatehpur Sikri is deserted because Akbar, in his enthusiasm to honour the local Moslem saint who had blessed him with a son, moved his capital to this site without first making sure of a water supply, and had to abandon it very shortly after. The remaining shell, perfectly preserved, is a marvel in red sandstone and an excellent example of the successful welding of Mogul and Hindu styles. As for the Taj Mahal, though my visit was devoid of moon, I was satisfied enough with the effects of sunset and sunrise and can only say that no other mausoleum is worth seeing after it.

In an hour by air, you come from Agra to Jaipur and the land of the Rajputs on the fringes of the great Indian Desert. Old Jaipur, the pink city so well planned by its founder in the 18th century, only became pink in the 19th after experimental daubing in other shades. It is extremely photogenic, especially when the morning parade of camels picks its disdainful way before the Palace of the Winds (Hawa Mahal), now used as government offices. The City Palace itself occupies a seventh of old Jaipur and there is another fine palace at Amber (7 miles) which preceded Jaipur as a Rajput capital; the final ascent is usually achieved by visitors on elephant back.

Udaipur (one hour by air) and especially Chittorgarh (70 miles from it), are associated with some of the greatest and most tragic of the Rajput feats of resistance. On three occasions—the last against Akbar—the defenders of Chittorgarh fought to the last drop of blood while their women and children flung themselves on to a vast funeral pyre rather than face captivity.

Udaipur, City of Sunrise, was founded when Chittorgarh was abandoned and its beautiful artificial lakes ringed by hills make it one of the loveliest of India's cities. If there is time to rest anywhere, it should be here in the Lake Palace hotel, a converted royal island palace spun in marble on Lake Pichola. It is an idyllic place, on one side facing the huge walls of the City Palace across the water, on the other looking to the hills placed by discerning nature to adorn the daily spectacle of sunset. The utter peace of this place is broken only by the pigeons without which no palace or temple in India would be quite the same.

From Udaipur to the Ajanta and Ellor cave temples, you fly to Bombay (2½ hours) fo an early start next morning to Aurangaba (1½ hours). Early starts are a feature of travel in India and even normally late risers, like myself, will welcome the advantage of travel ling or sightseeing during the cooler hours. Ignore any suggestion of visiting both the Ajanta temples (Buddhist; 68 miles) and Ellora (Buddhist, Hindu and Jain; 18 miles) in one day from Aurangabad. With other sightseeing, Aurangabad needs a minimum of two days, and if you have a taste for the ancient marvels of the world and as good a guide as I had, you may want to make it three, for the nearest series of cave temples are the Aurangabad caves, mostly ignored because, until the new road is completed, it needs a considerable uphill scramble to reach them. Aurangzeb, last of the great Mogul emperors, is buried in great simplicity near Ellora, while in Aurangabad his son built a poor imitation of the Taj Mahal to his mother.

Hyderabad can be reached by rail from Aurangabad, or you can return to Bombay to pick up another flight (2 hours). Hyderabad's highlight is the Salar Jung Museum, the largest one-man collection in the world. This was the life achievement of the Nizam's late prime minister who died not only without leaving a will, but also without leaving any

Above: A photograph of the Taj Mahal taken from the riverside in Agra. It was built by the Emperor Shah Jahan
Left: A car passes a ceremonial wagon on the marina in Madras **Below:** The Gateway of India, Bombay

catalogue by which his vast collection could be identified, an omission that is now being painstakingly rectified by the government. The surroundings of Hyderabad and its adjoining twin city, Secunderabad, are dominated by Golconda fort and watered by many artificial lakes.

Bangalore (1¼ hours by air) has fine botanical gardens and an unusually spacious air, but little of sightseeing importance and you should continue without much delay to Mysore (87 miles) and the historic fortifications of Srirangapatna, ten miles before. The time to visit Mysore is during the Dussehra Festival in autumn; otherwise sightseeing points include a fine temple crowning local Chalindi Hill, whose flanks also bear the huge monolithic sculpture of the bull Nandi, constant companion of the god Siva. Twelve miles from Mysore are the Versailles-like gardens and fountains of Brindavan, beautifully illuminated three evenings a week.

While in Mysore, it is worth straining your itinerary to the utmost to fit in a visit to the Belur and Halebid temples (about 100 miles via Hassan), especially the former, dedicated in the 12th century by one of the Hoysala kings to his beautiful and talented wife. Famed for her dancing, she is symbolised in the exquisitely sculpted dancers who act as brackets supporting the *continued on page 96*

INDIAN TOUR *continued from page 95*

eaves above the bewildering wealth of other carvings round the temple walls.

Madras (45 minutes by air from Bangalore), the spacious, fourth largest city of India, is the launching point for the temples of Mahabalipuram and Kanchipuram, though it has several of its own sights, not least of which are the National Art Gallery and Government Museum, housing magnificent bronzes and stone sculptures from the five main eras of south Indian art. The British have left numerous relics, and nature has provided one of the largest beaches in the world (alas, to little avail for bathers since the sea is shark-infested). Madras is also a fine centre for performances of south Indian music and dancing, especially during the annual festival, from the end of December to early January. Both Mahabalipuram and Kanchipuram (respectively 37 and 40 miles from Madras) can be combined in one day, but you could well give yourself the luxury of a day off on a truly magnificent beach (no sharks) by the tourist bungalow of Mahabalipuram. The temples in both centres deserve far more time than they are normally accorded.

Caravelle flights link Madras and Bombay in $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours. It is difficult to realise that little under 300 years ago this big, bustling gateway to India was a handful of islands, presented by the Portuguese to Charles II as part of the wedding dowry of Catherine of Braganza. The British moulded the islands together and today only two stand apart, one of them—about six miles offshore—receiving its daily invasion of visitors to see the Elephanta cave temples; though by no means comparable with those of Ajanta or Ellora they are very well worth seeing. There are some splendid sands in and around Bombay, with a new hotel, the Sun-n-Sand near the great stretch of Juhu beach, about 12 miles out of the city.

At the end of this tour, you will have seen an infinitesimal amount of what India has to offer. You will probably be completely dazed; it will be surprising if you have not already decided to come again.

For further information: Government of India Tourist Office, 21, New Bond Street, London, W.1.
Means of access: London-Delhi (or Bombay), by BOAC, Air India, etc., £260 6s tourist-class return, £408 10s 1st-class return. Among shipping routes from the UK to Bombay are those operated by P. & O.-Orient Lines, Anchor Line and (cargo-passenger) Ellerman City and Hall Lines. Lloyd Triestino operate from Genoa, Messageries Maritimes from Marseilles, etc. Pioneers of the overland route by coach to India are Garrow Fisher Tours; a similar regular service is provided by Penn Overland Tours.

Above right: Crossing the Pichola Lake to visit the City Palace at Udaipur. The so-called 'City of Sunrise' is 1,893 ft. above sea level in North West India
Right: The Brindavan Gardens at Krishnarajasagar, twelve miles from the city of Mysore. Beyond the gardens with their fountains and coloured lights is a $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile long dam, one of the biggest in India, but built in stone entirely without cement
Far right: A street scene in Ajmer at the time of an annual pilgrimage. Ajmer is in northern India, in the Aravalli mountains. It is a Muslim religious centre

A PROBATION OFFICER'S DIARY

98 **Ever Such a Nice Lady** by Marjory Todd: Gollancz. 21s, is a probation officer's own account of her experiences in following up both juvenile and adult cases in London. Mrs Todd took up this difficult and often thankless work when she was 44 and although she has often, as she tells us, been discouraged even to the point of resigning, in the main she has found her chosen career rewarding and, one gathers from these pages, full of the most vivid human interest. Reading her book is rather like spending a few days in one of the Courts from which she works and the cases she describes have a blend of the pathetic, the squalid and even the comical. This is not merely an interesting book; it is in many ways an informative, even a valuable one.

All Men are Islands by Ronald Duncan: Rupert Hart-Davis. 35s, is an autobiography which takes the author as far as the middle of the last war and is to be followed by a sequel bringing his exploits and literary adventures up to date. It is a truism that many writers have a hard struggle for success. Ronald Duncan, on the contrary, spent a good many years trying to avoid becoming a writer though in the end he succumbed to what might be called his destiny and became, as Ezra Pound has called him, " the lone wolf of English letters." He is widely travelled in Africa and in India where for a time he lived with Gandhi. He took a flyer at the City, tried coal-mining and farming and finally settled for the literary life. The author of *This Way to the Tomb* writes with his customary vigour and originality and tells the story of his varied, colourful life with disarming candour.

Coloured Pebbles by C. C.Vyvyan: Peter Owen. 21s, is a further volume of memoirs and anecdotes by an unconventional traveller who describes her native and beloved Cornwall with as keen an eye for beauty and oddity as when she is writing of wild life on an isolated Australian farm, of Albania, of Austrian castles or of her own eccentric relations. Lady Vyvyan has a healthy sense of humour which must have been invaluable to her on some of her less comfortable voyages, and writes with a friendly informality.

The Mysterious Chateau by Yvonne de Bremon D'Ars: Gollancz. 21s, hovers on the borderline between fact and fantasy or so it would seem to the uncommitted reader. Madame D'Ars is a professional dealer in antiques in her books as in her life and here she is telling the story of an experience which began for her on Christmas Eve 1934 when she had been on an antique hunt in Brittany and came across a girl who was the daughter of a local lord of the manor and who was soon to involve the writer in a strange series of adventures. These included a search for hidden treasure which had the result of virtually disembowelling a house and its furniture, and a stormy love affair between the girl and her Provençal husband. Written with considerable charm and a sympathetic view of youthful aberrations.

The Plague of the Philistines by J. F. D. Shrewsbury: Gollancz. 25s, is a collection of seven medical-historical essays by a distinguished professor of bacteriology who, luckily for the layman, has a clear and simple style and can explain abstruse matters in lucid terms. At least two of these pieces could be called essays in medical detection for they are quite remarkable evidence of research and one of them a medical study of Henry VIII, is as fascinating as many a would-be thriller. Professor Shrewsbury has examined and analysed all the known facts about Henry's disease and rejected the common and scandalous view of it in favour of diagnosing a tendency towards gout. A highly readable volume and with some apt illustrations.

A Share of the World by Andrea Newman: Bodley Head. 18s. This is a young book by a young writer and has a freshness and a vitality which are quite winning. Miss Newman has written about three girls who are university students, friends and colleagues in their experiments with love. Each of them has opted for emotional independence and each of them, as a natural corollary, thinks that she is far stronger than is in fact the case. They make their mistakes and know their moments of rapture and their sentimental journey is recounted with great sensitivity and not a little humour.

Fish and Chips by A. G. Street: Robert Hale. 15s, is the story of a confirmed bachelor who has a way of succeeding in each of the ploys he undertakes and is capable of a fierce concentration on a chosen subject. Thus, he turns from chartered accountancy to successful farming—a complete switch if ever there was one—and later takes up fishing with such zest that, according to one ghillie, he even thinks like a salmon. Logically pursuing his distant manner towards women, Mr Street's hero organises his establishment with one manservant who is also a trained chef and manages to irritate the wives of his acquaintance over a wide area by the perfection of his meals. Selfish and honest to the last, he comes to what one might call a perfect end and one that is in complete keeping with the tenor of his life.

Nothing but the Best by Clifford Hanley: Hutchinson. 21s, shows this Scottish author in good, ebullient form telling the story of a self-made tycoon who began life the hard way in a slum village and worked his way up, ingeniously and toughly, to the restless heights where Jaguars, good tailoring and country houses on the one hand are balanced by the menaces of take-over bids on the other. Tom has arrived but is not quite sure where he is going from here. He senses the long knives flashing and knows that he will probably never be able to relax into security. Mr Hanley has written a full-blooded

LIVES AND GARDENS

Prokofiev: The Prodigal Son by Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson: Cassell. 30s.
A Start in Freedom by Sir Hugh Foot: Hodder and Stoughton. 30s.
Five Lives by The Earl of Longford: Hutchinson. 30s.
The Sky Beyond by Sir Gordon Taylor: Cassell. 30s.
The Shell Gardens Book edited by Peter Hunt: Phoenix House. 21s.
Gardening in the Shade by Margery Fish: Collingridge. 30s.
Indoor Plants by Leslie Johns, and **Flower Arranging** by Jane Derbyshire: Collins Nutshell Books. 5s each.

Sergei Prokofiev is acknowledged as one of the major composers of the century and the greatest produced by Soviet Russia. His work forms part of the standard concert repertory in Europe and the United States, yet until recently not more than four or five of his compositions could be heard in any English season. Within the past year there has been a marked improvement, and his English audience is widening rapidly. Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson have co-operated in a timely biography of this great and in some ways simple man, who was so prodigal of his talents, and detested the pretentious and the obscure. He always insisted that he did not write for the critic or the musicologist, but for ordinary men and women and worked on in the face of indifference and aggression until recognition came to him in a flood of public understanding. The Hansons have brought much knowledge and experience to bear in *Prokofiev: The Prodigal Son* and Elisabeth Hanson's study of Russian has played no little part in tracing down sources of information. In his last days Prokofiev, now basking in the sunshine of Stalinist approval after being in the wilderness so long, achieved prodigies of production despite failing health. His last photograph, taken in 1953, is a study in suffering, but without one querulous or self pitying line.

Sir Hugh Foot, who has spent so much of his life serving the colonial peoples and preparing the way for their freedom, has written an absorbing account of his experiences under the title *A Start in Freedom*. Palestine, Nigeria, Jamaica, Cyprus have all come under his healing hand with varying degrees of success. Where success has come it has always been, it seems, because Sir Hugh has had so much to give and has so swiftly acquired an understanding of special problems in diverse lands. Hardly less diverse is Sir Hugh's remarkable family, including the hard hitting Michael Foot who in one newspaper article described his brother as " a man who was successfully working himself out of one job after another and hauling down the flag at increasingly impressive ceremonial occasions." Sir Hugh concludes with a powerful plea for the United Nations as an instrument in winning freedom from racial discrimination and as a means of raising the living standards of the world.

Diversity of talent, and of tasks, is also part and parcel of the life of Frank Pakenham, Earl of Longford, who in the second instalment of his autobiography, which he calls *Five Lives* evidences the extraordinary range of his interests and activities. As a Minister in the last Labour government, Chairman of the National Bank, a Socialist leader in the House of Lords, a leading Catholic layman and protagonist of penal reform, Lord Longford has had a chance to know the friction of life in full measure. He recalls many delightful anecdotes, some of them concerning life in the Lords and the impact of the new life peeresses upon their lordships; especially Baroness Summerskill who brings to the chamber a strange

saga of a businessman's life and has given it speed and colour.

The Castle of Thread and Dust by Blanche Bingham: Gollancz. 21s, has more than a touch of fantasy and it has rightly been said that the author's prose style has much that is "idiosyncratic, pungent, rhetorical, confidential, discursive, comic, tender" about it. From which you may gather that this is a book of some originality. It is set in Paris before and during the war and is as complex in its plot as it is fanciful in its author's imagination. Not, perhaps, everybody's book but an entrancing one to those whose mood it suits.

That Summer's Earthquake by Margot Bennett: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s, has New Zealand and sheep farming as its background and interest. Mrs Bennett, in whom one recognises a born story-teller, has written about an older brother who takes his young sister to a sheep station and trains her to work like a boy. For months the girl sees no farther than the end of each day of grinding labour but gradually her interest in the project grows and she becomes as tenacious as her brother. When summer comes she finds herself in love with the farm's hired man and that presents a very different kind of problem. Mrs Bennett writes most evocatively about the land she knows so well.

The Better Song by Luc Estang: Hodder and Stoughton. 21s, has been translated from the French by Denise Folliot and Eric Mosbacher and is an imaginative tale about a precise and conventional lawyer's clerk who one day discovers that the rigid principles by which he has lived for more than half his life have not brought him happiness. At the age of 45 he falls in love, truly for the first time, abandons his wife and children and would live happily ever after if it were not for his conscience. **Vernon Fane**

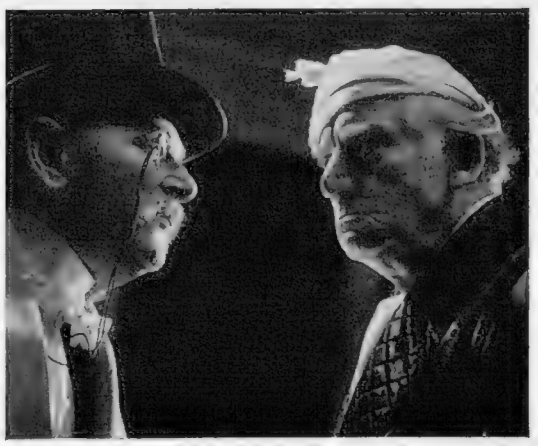
and delightful mixture of charm and pugnacity.

Sir Gordon Taylor recalls in *The Sky Beyond* his own personal story against the background of the great days of aviation pioneering, the days of Lindbergh, the Mollisons, Scott and Black, and of his own Australian colleague Kingsford Smith. The author's first plane was a little Sopwith Scout fighter which he flew on the French front in 1917. Twenty-five years later he was flying Liberator bombers across the Atlantic for the RAF. Sir Gordon's has been a great career, and he writes about it with modesty but in a way that compels in full measure admiration and sustains interest.

Finally, here are four books for the garden lover. *The Shell Gardens Book*, edited by Peter Hunt, has the quality both of dictionary and guide book. It is outstanding value for the information it imparts about gardens generally and about some of the leading gardens in England that are open to the public. The illustrations are of a very high order. Margery Fish's *Gardening in the Shade* deals, as the title says, with the many plants that thrive in these conditions. Leslie Johns' *Indoor Plants* and Jane Derbyshire's *Flower Arranging* are two additions to Collins Nutshell Books. **Richard Edmonds**

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS

IN *The Schoolmistress* at the Savoy Theatre in London, Nigel Patrick as the Hon. Vere Queckett finds that the extra chair he has brought for the supper party is of no use. *Right:* Nigel Patrick with Charles Heslop, who plays Rear-Admiral Rankling. Megs Jenkins plays the title role of a stage-struck schoolmistress who becomes a comic opera star in the final act. The play, a Victorian farce by Sir Arthur Pinero, was last revived at the Arts Theatre in 1949, when Nigel Patrick also played the part of the Hon. Vere Queckett.



Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **W. J. KENYON JONES**

William James Kenyon Jones, M.B.E., B.A. is Chairman and Managing Director of Ronson Products Ltd., manufacturers and distributors of cigarette lighters, electric shavers and appliances. He is Vice-President of the Ronson Corporation in the USA, a Director of Trade Promotion Services Ltd., of Ronson Société Anonyme (France), of Ronson GmbH (Germany), and of Ronson Pty (Australia). Born on September 5, 1911, in Monmouth, he is the son of Kenyon Lewis Jones. Mr Jones was educated at Monmouth and at Jesus College, Oxford. He won Rugby Football Blues in 1931 and 1932, and was a Welsh International in 1934. He joined Unilever in 1933 as a management trainee and from 1933 to 1939 he worked with various Unilever Companies. From 1945 to 1950, he was Managing Director of Birds Eye Holdings (a Unilever subsidiary). In 1950, he became Chairman and Managing Director of Ronson Products Ltd. During the War he served with the Welch Regiment and in branches of the Intelligence Service, becoming a Lt.-Colonel in 1946. He was in Egypt, North Africa and Germany and was awarded the M.B E. Mr Jones married the daughter of Sir Sydney Barton and has one daughter. His clubs are the Oxford and Cambridge University, Vincent's Oxford, and the International Sportsmen's Club. His chief recreation is golf, and he lives in London

FURORE ABOUT SHIPPING

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

How bitterly should shipping lines be expected to compete? This, ultimately, is the issue underlying the long-standing friction between the United States Federal Maritime Commission and the liner conferences, which erupted at the beginning of this month into a demand that European lines should cancel at short notice the form of contract under which they were doing business with most of their customers. This demand caused something of a furore in British and other European shipping circles; on the other side of the Atlantic officials seem to have been surprised at the intensity of protest that brought our own and other governments to support the liner conference concerned and tell the lines not to comply with the American demand.

Few governments like restrictive business practices inside their own borders; but most of them have learned to live with less than boisterous price competition in certain kinds of international transport. The development of regular transport services, by sea and later by air, has been accompanied by the organisation of price agreements that largely exclude price-cutting; in sea transport, since the '80's, by private shipping "conferences," and in air transport, largely since the Second World War, by the government-sponsored International Civil Aviation Organisation. Because it is government sponsored, and because its sanctions over members are ultimately a matter of government power to grant or refuse landing rights, ICAO does not suffer too much criticism. But the shipping conferences, like any other private international organisation collectively deciding upon commercial policy for an assortment of national businesses, continue to be tolerated only with suspicion by a number of governments —most of all by the American government.

Many times in the past, conferences have been investigated by government committees, several of them British; they have usually received a fairly clean bill of health. The reason why they came into being—why liners tend to compete on everything but price—seems to derive naturally from the nature of the business.

Shipping, unlike air transport, has an enormous sector of quite free competition, cut-throat enough to satisfy any trust-buster—the tramp market. The customer who wants to move freight in single voyages from any port in the world to any other has a wholly free and competitive market to choose from and to bargain in. He or his shipping broker ought to be able to achieve the minimum cost of transport for his commodity on that trip at the time he wants it. Attempts during shipping depression to achieve minimum freight rates have never been successful; and attempts to withdraw large amounts of tramp tonnage from the market by agreement (such as have again been made recently) have not worked much more effectively. Tramp shipowners are accustomed to periods of boom, when trade is expanding faster than tonnage can be added to the world fleet; and also, very soon after, to periods of slump, when the balance swings the other way.

A shipping line organising regular services between a given number of ports, whose reputation will depend ultimately upon the reliability with which it provides this service, is in the opposite situation from the tramp owner. It is not in a situation to pull ships out of the service when trade slackens. It is running usually a far more costly vessel, with a much more elaborate organisation of special berths, equipment and stevedoring, working with brokers, agents and canvassers, and a cloud of regular paperwork and arrangement in advance. Its overhead expenses are high, continuous and unavoidable.

The temptation from which shipowners draw back, in such circumstances, is of being too competitive on price, not insufficiently so. If you have to run the service anyway, another ton of merchandise may add hardly anything to the total cost; particularly if it is a commodity new to the route with a chance that business may build up. The temptation is to cut the freight rate to the bone so that you, and not the next liner-owner, get the chance of long-term lucrative business. Yet cut for one customer, and all the others—none of whose business, considered individually, imposes more than "marginal" costs of carriage—will press for price cutting.

It was out of fairly ruinous rate-cutting wars on major shipping routes that the conference system arose, towards the end of the last century, mainly under British leadership. The principles conferences work on are that identical rates are quoted for given commodities, equally for small and large consignments; that the relationship in the tariff between different commodities does not change; that conference rates in general are not raised to exploit temporary upsurges in trade, but not cut very much during recession either. The conferences also usually quote single rates for whole areas—e.g., all the main ports of North-West Europe—so that shippers know the rates that they and foreign competitors have to meet in competing for export business.

This is the regulatory function of the conferences, stabilising rates and smoothing out the fluctuations that one still gets in the tramp market. It is backed by organisation to limit the amount of tonnage in the trade; shipowners agree not to expand their tonnage on given services beyond what the conference believes the developing traffic will justify. To protect themselves against newcomers, they offer their customers loyalty rebates or lower tariffs, provided that these customers agree to move all their merchandise on that route by ships of one or other of the conference member lines. This is a restriction of commercial choice; but it is not easy to see how the conference could offer stability in rates without it.

In general, shippers seem to prefer the stability that the conference system offers to the extremes of cheapness—at one stage of the competitive cycle—that utterly free price competition might offer. There has been occasional restiveness about the level of rates that conferences set—notably on Australian and New Zealand routes—but, in general, rather few complaints from customers.

But for the past two to three years, the United States government has been in a state of rumbling dispute with the conferences operating on the North Atlantic. In spite of its anti-trust traditions, it gives a grudging approval to the principle of conferences—but only on condition that its Federal Maritime Commission can be satisfied that these "freight cartels" are not abusing their powers. Hence the demand for masses of documents regarding the internal business of the lines concerned—which the British and other European governments have instructed them not to deliver up—and most recently the demand that these lines should abandon their present form of contract with shippers and substitute one not radically different, but approved by the FMC.

Once again, British and other European governments stepped into this dispute, ordering non-compliance; and the Federal Maritime Commission appears to have moderated its threats of fines for European lines that failed to break their private contracts with shippers outside the United States. On this issue the shipping lines have had the support of the national shipping councils, organisations of shippers who are the liner conferences' customers. Mr Ernest Marples, Britain's Minister of Transport, has played a notable part in the last few years in bringing these councils into being: they ought, from now on, to play an increasingly positive role in the whole question of settling freight rates.

One major weakness of the conference system, until now, has been its lack of accountability. These are groups of suppliers demonstrably offering a good service, but individual customers as well as governments may be inclined to question the level of the prices that they fix to supply it. There is a real need for "countervailing power" to play a part in scrutinising the level of prices and actual performance under the conference agreements. And if businessmen on the other side of the bargain cannot develop this, governments increasingly will—which in the long run may please neither the shipowners nor the shippers.

Sir W. Errington Keville, Chairman of the Committee of European Shipowners (left) and Mr P. V. C. Sprigings, Chairman of the North Atlantic Westbound Freight Association, leaving the Transport Ministry in London

A Ship of the Line

SHAPING A MODERN FRIGATE

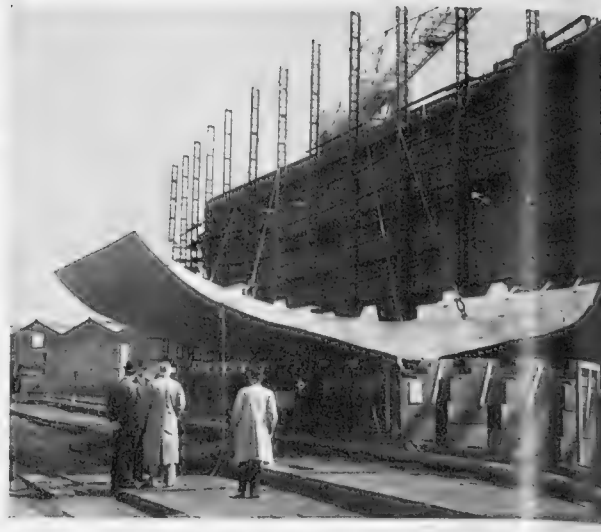
102 The anti-submarine frigate H.M.S. *Aurora* is the fifth of the new Leander class to be completed and was built by John Brown and Co. (Clydebank) Ltd. She has a standard displacement of 2,300 tons, an overall length of 372 ft. and a beam of 41 ft. Her speed is unofficially estimated at 30 knots.

She is propelled by impulse steam turbines, also built by John Brown's, which drive two five-bladed propellers of advanced design through double reduction gearing. These, with the main boilers, were built by John Brown's. Her engines can operate under closed down conditions. Watchkeeping personnel will be equipped with specially ventilated suits so that they can work under exceptionally high temperatures.

The ship's communications and radars are highly sophisticated in both design and purpose. Automation will play a large part in the handling and presentation of information in the operations room. Her armaments include a twin 4·5 ins. turret, which can be fully controlled by a radar firing system, a triple-barrelled Mortar Mk. 10 and two single-barrelled Bofors. These latter are to be replaced by Seacat surface-to-air guided missiles. A Wasp torpedo-carrying helicopter will be used for anti-submarine work. These armaments, with her speed, will enable her to take positive action against her primary opponent, the submarine, while allowing her to combat attack from the air or the surface. Her twin rudders and fine hull design will give her the high degree of manoeuvrability necessary to her role. *Aurora* is also fitted with Denny-Brown stabilisers which will make for a steady platform from which to operate the weapon systems.

The standard of accommodation for the 17 officers and 245 ratings is high. Ratings' messes are fitted with bunks, each with its own reading light. During the day, bunks are turned down to make attractive and comfortable settees. Electric shaver points are installed throughout the living accommodation. The ship has a library, and cinema equipment can be set up for film shows in the dining halls. A canteen service is provided by NAAFI which includes vending machines from which beverages can be bought night and day. The galley is fitted with labour-saving devices, such as an automatic potato peeler, electric mixing machines, and an automatic washing-up machine. Food for dining halls is kept hot by infra-red heaters.

Polishing and scrubbing machines will be used on the floors and decks respectively. Helicopter handling gear, boats' davits and lifts are hydraulically operated. By using machinery, men can be released from manual work for the increasing number of tasks of a more technical nature. Altogether 13 Leander class frigates have been provided for or ordered under the Naval Estimates for the past four years.



Above: H.M.S. *Aurora* in the fitting out basin of her builders
Right: The first unit being laid for the keel of H.M.S. *Aurora* in the yards of her constructors in Clydebank
Below: As work proceeds, a pre-fabricated after-end unit is guided into position on the building berth
Bottom: During the fitting out, the twin 4·5 ins. forward turret is installed before the gun housing is fitted

Right: Mr John Rannie is the managing director of John Brown and Co. (Clydebank) Ltd., the builders of Britain's new frigate, H.M.S. *Aurora*. His firm has a long tradition in naval construction and among recent ships to come from its Scottish yards is the guided missile destroyer H.M.S. *Hampshire*. Currently John Brown's is responsible for building one of the new type assault landing ships—*Intrepid*—for the Royal Navy

From the top: Part of the junior ratings' bathroom in H.M.S. *Aurora*. Electric shaver points are installed throughout the ship's living accommodation. Messes for ratings are fitted with bunks, each with its own reading light. The bunks can be turned down into settees

The main galley is fitted with labour-saving devices. Food for the dining room is kept hot by infra-red heaters

The wardroom. The standard of the quarters for all the ship's company is high

The junior ratings' dining room

Left: The prefabricated bow unit of the frigate is seen during its installation in John Brown's yard

COPING WITH THE KANGAROO

by The Sphere City Correspondent

104 The thudding of those rather idiotic leaping kangaroos is growing louder; the lady television announcers are becoming increasingly breathless; and in two days' time, on April 20, BBC-2 will be full upon us.

So far the public has treated the advent of the third channel fairly stoically—not to say lethargically—and the rush to convert to 625 lines has not exactly bowled the television industry over. But all experience suggests that, once there are real programmes to see, and the chance to patronise less well-equipped neighbours, the trickle of conversions will grow pretty rapidly into a flood. In fact the biggest worry of the companies involved is the likelihood of a complete log-jam of work between now and the early-autumn viewing season.

Along with this, however, they expect a sharp rise in sales—from last year's 1·4 million sets—to something more like 2 million. This is because the line-change happens to coincide with the first really big wave of renewals, as many of the instruments bought in the first flush of ITV enthusiasm are now getting too blue and crackly and interference-ridden to make even "Sunday Night at the London Palladium" tolerable. The prospect of this—and the fact that replacements are likely to remain permanently on this new high level—after several very depressing years of over-production—has brought a look of extreme cheerfulness to the set-makers (now, as far as the retail trade is concerned, reduced to Pye and Thorn).

They will undoubtedly do well (and the 80 per cent. rise in Pye's shares over the last nine months indicates the market's confidence). But the people who will probably reap the biggest benefits of all—the TV rental companies—have had rather a bumpy ride on the Stock Exchange lately. And I cannot help feeling that some of them are going to look very cheap at present levels, once the BBC really starts showing what it can do.

The virtues of rental are now well known—no worries about busted tubes, no nagging fear that colour or other technical changes will make your 60 guinea investment worthless, and cost, unless you manage to keep your set trouble-free for more than four years, very comparable with that of buying on hire purchase. And it is because of the widespread appeal of this, that something like one-third of all the 12 million sets in Britain, and almost three-quarters of those installed in the past two years, have been hired rather than sold.

Considerable efforts are being made to slow down this trend—Lombard Banking, the HP house, have just started a new joint company with one of the manufacturing firms, in an effort to make buying more attractive, and there are other plans in the offing. But people have got to like, and trust, the major rental concerns; and with further changes just over the horizon—a second commercial channel, a glimmer of colour by 1965—the attractions hardly look like diminishing.

In the light of this, it is not easy to see why the leading rental firms should arrive on the eve of BBC-2 with their shares at least 10 per cent.—and in the case of the aggressively growing Robinson Rentals, 20 per cent.—below their 1964 peaks.

There is only one snag visible to explain this—the fact that many of the companies still have large stocks of pre-1961 sets in issue, which will have to be progressively withdrawn as public taste for 625 grows more insistent. But there are several factors to offset this—first, BBC-2 will not immediately blanket the whole country, and there will be a year or so over which to phase the change; second, the more far-seeing firms have been well aware of this coming, and have already installed many convertible sets, even though this has to some extent cut into current profits; and third, the increased investment allowances made available in the 1963 Budget are particularly favourable to large rental businesses, and have as yet hardly begun to show up in company results.

The biggest companies in the industry are Radio Rentals, Rediffusion, British Relay Wireless (associated with Pye and the ATV group) and the Domestic Electric Rentals (DER) subsidiary of Thorn Electric. But at present prices, my choice in this field would fall on one of three rather smaller companies.

First, there would be Telefusion, the well-run Blackpool group, who started making their 625 dispositions as long ago as 1961; then Robinson Rentals, whose recent fall seems to over-discount some very mildly cautionary words by the chairman; and lastly, Relay Exchanges, whose results, just produced, show clearly that, even before 625, rental has got over most of its recent problems—cut-price competition, shrinking margins—and is once more on the up and up. With the kangaroos, it should do substantially better again.

Kangaroo Stocks

	Price	Yield	Time
	s. d.	%	Cover d
Telefusion "A" ..	27 3	2·7	2·8
Robinson Rentals ..	53 9	3·3	2·8
Relay Exchanges ..	27 6	4·4	2·0

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

In some ways it struck me as slightly bizarre that Solihull should celebrate its incorporation as a county borough with civic ceremony and fireworks. It was, after all, celebrating even more intense urbanisation—or the extension of subtopia, since the borough is mainly a dormitory for Birmingham—despite its splendid Latin motto of *Urbs in Rure.* The snag is that as Birmingham grows and grows there is more and more pressure to move more of the *urbs*, from its present congestion, *in rure.* In Solihull itself, 101,000 people are living where 32 years ago only 25,000 lived around what was, quite literally, a village.

And although Solihull's 101,000 live on almost double the area of, say, West Bromwich's 98,000, both county boroughs are in fact extensions of the conurbation; each shares a boundary with Birmingham, and only the knowledgeable or the sharp-eyed could tell you exactly where that boundary lies.

It is probably impossible to stop the conurbation from continuing to expand, and this problem has been exercising the minds of planners for decades now. But it is disturbing to see the lack of success Birmingham has had in getting approval for new towns—only one, at Dawley, Shropshire, so far, when most enlightened thinkers consider at least another two—well away from Birmingham—are needed.

Instead, Redditch, 14 miles away, is to be "developed" from a population of 35,000 to double that number, growing by natural increase to 90,000 (the sop of using a new town corporation to plan the development smacks of mere administrative convenience). And then? "Its purposes," says the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, "will be to provide housing and employment for people from the Birmingham area and to relieve congestion in that area." It needs no visionary to foresee the tidal waves of commuters sweeping through Worcestershire on roads not even equipped for their present traffic. Solihull's elevation is pleasant for its inhabitants; the development of Redditch will take one bucketful—and the building of Dawley rather more—from the ocean of people.

But what is needed is a much more fundamental approach if people are going to be able to enjoy more leisure hours—or even their daily living. Let me end this pessimistic note with another quote from the Ministry. "He (the Minister) remains of the opinion that the green belt as finally drawn must be adequate to maintain the separation of the new town from Birmingham, and that this green belt, once established, should (not must) be firmly held." But read on: "But until future land needs in the whole region can be more clearly seen, he cannot reach a final decision."

Away with paper

A confirmed objector to any paper-work which can be avoided, I was nevertheless taken aback to read the words of Sir Eric Clayson when he opened an exhibition of business records in Birmingham the other day. He spoke of a large Midland firm he had recently visited which "prided itself in not having one single piece of paper, of correspondence or accounting records, in the whole building, which was older than three months." Everything else was either destroyed or microfilmed, it seems. Sir Eric, who is chairman of the Birmingham Post and Mail Ltd., a past president of Birmingham Chamber of Commerce and a national figure in newspaper circles, gave his personal support to the preservation of business records for the sake of the future historian, adding that present problems might have been better understood if past lessons had been learned.

The exhibition, which is largely the creation of one woman, Mrs Barbara Smith of Birmingham University's Faculty of Commerce and Social Science, is open at the city's Science Museum until the end of the month, and is worth visiting for the fascinating glimpses it gives of industry and commerce in a more spacious age (its earliest exhibit is dated 1770, and it stops at 1914). In indentures and day-books, letters and advertisements, there is a wealth of material for the social historian; Mrs Smith hopes that the exhibition may stimulate more firms to change their minds about throwing out the records of yesteryear. And if they cannot afford the space to preserve them on their own premises, either the City Librarian or the University Librarian would be pleased to receive records on permanent loan, guaranteeing both their availability and, if requested, their confidential preservation.

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DRIVING IN KENYA

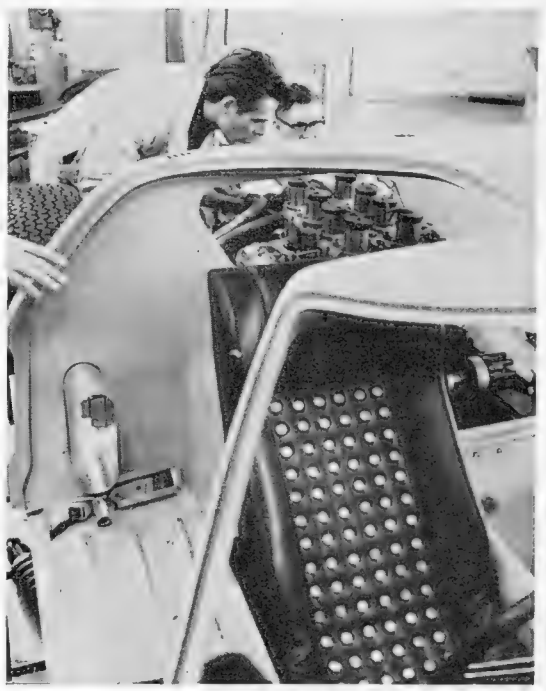
106 Driving in Kenya—where I recently did a lot of motoring in connection with the East African Safari Rally—is not very different from motoring in the United Kingdom, apart from the rich beauty of the scenery, the sparseness of the traffic outside the towns, and the rudimentary nature of the roads when you get off the tarmac highways.

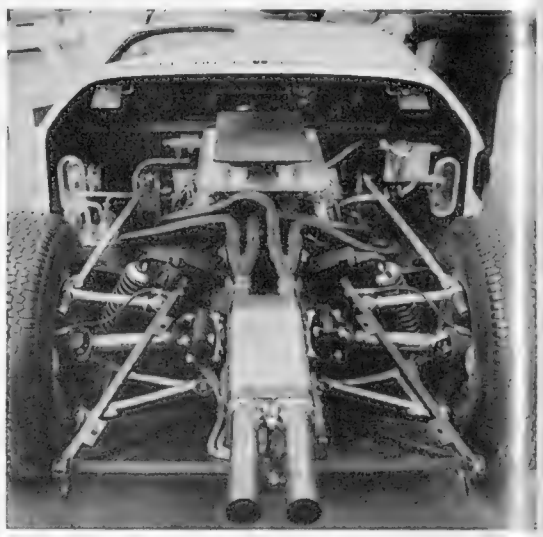
You drive on the left and there is a 30 m.p.h. speed limit—clearly indicated—in most towns. At Nakuru there is a 40 m.p.h. limit on the town approaches and Wing Commander A. N. Francombe, secretary-general of the East African AA, told me that in a month or so there will be 50 m.p.h. limits for short distances outside all towns " to serve as a warning to drivers that they will soon be in a 30 m.p.h. area."

The Wing Commander, who took up his post 12 months ago after commanding the Kenya Police Air Wing for ten years, told me that motoring law in Kenya has remained unchanged since the country gained its independence. The exodus of white people has resulted in a drop of 2,000 in the AA's membership—currently 16,000—over the past three years. " It is difficult to get Africans to join " he said. Perhaps the majority have nothing left over, after meeting the hire purchase instalments on their cars, to pay the £1 entrance fee and 50s annual subscription.

One of my most pleasant drives in Kenya was the 100 miles or so, over good tarmac roads, from Nairobi to Nyeri (where Lord Baden-Powell is buried) to spend a night at nearby Treetops, a hotel built in a tree in Aberdare Forest at a salt " lick." A remarkable variety of wild game comes to this spot almost every night and can be watched in safety and comfort with the help of powerful electric floodlights. Our present Queen was visiting an earlier " Treetops " on the opposite side of the pool—it was later burnt down—when she received news of her father's death.

On my way to Nyeri (and again going back) I stopped for a drink at Blue Posts Hotel, a charming establishment some 30 miles from Nairobi, where I was lucky to find the local waterfall (on the River Thika) in full flood. I mention this to show that there *are* roadside pubs, even in Kenya. I was interested, by the way, to note the economical signposting in Kenya, with NBI standing for Nairobi, MSA for Mombasa, NYI for Nyeri, and so on.





Above: A rear view of the Ford GT with the bodywork removed to show the axle assembly and the 4.2-litre engine, which is sited behind the driver's seat **Top:** The Ford GT is only 3 ft. 4 ins. high and 13 ft. in length. It is of steel monocoque construction **Left:** The driver's seat in the Ford GT is air conditioned

Two new sports cars

Adding to the excitement of the 24-hour race at Le Mans in June will be two new Anglo-American sports cars which caused something of a sensation when details were announced recently. One is the Ford GT, a 200 m.p.h. car designed in the US, developed and built in Britain and tested in Italy. The other is the Rootes Group's Sunbeam Tiger: a powerful new 120 m.p.h. version of the Sunbeam Alpine which uses a 4·2-litre Ford V8 engine and revives an old Sunbeam name.

The Ford GT—the fastest Ford ever built—was flown over to the US for a preview of the New York Motor Show, where the Sunbeam Tiger also made its first public appearance, along with 49 other British cars: the show's largest single foreign entry.

The Ford GT, whose 4·2-litre Ford V-8 engine develops 350 b.h.p., will have its first race in Germany on May 31, in the 1,000 km. sports car classic on the Nürburgring; but this low-slung, beautifully aerodynamic racer will be seen in action before then, during practice at Le Mans this weekend for the 24-hour *grand prix d'endurance.*

It has been designed, built and tested in less than a year, thanks partly to the use of a Ford engineering computer which saved months of development time by working out design details for braking, steering and suspension. The test drivers have been New Zealander Bruce McLaren (who will share the driving of the car with American Phil Hill in the Nürburgring and Le Mans events) and Roy Salvadori. They have put the GT through its paces at Brands Hatch, Goodwood, Snetterton and Monza.

The Ford GT was built at Slough, Buckinghamshire, with the help of Mr Eric Broadley, the young British racing car designer, who placed two of his own Lola GT cars at the disposal of the project for use as mobile test beds " to prove the principles of the new design before committing ourselves to the final hardware." I quote Mr Roy Lunn, 39-year-old Surrey engineer who has been working for Ford since 1954 and who has been largely responsible for the design of the new car. Mr Lunn has been working closely with Mr John Wyer, former general manager of Aston Martin, who was appointed European resident manager for the project.

The US price of the potent new Sunbeam Tiger will be £1,283 but no price has yet been fixed for the UK. Like the 1·6-litre version, it will be available in *gran turismo* or sports tourer form. Rootes are planning a racing programme for the Tiger in the US in collaboration with Carroll Shelby, who has been doing so well with his British-built, AC-based, Ford-powered Cobras.

Briefly . . .

According to the Transport Ministry only 1½d of every 6d inserted in London's parking meters goes towards the provision of off-street parking. This is how *continued on page 108*

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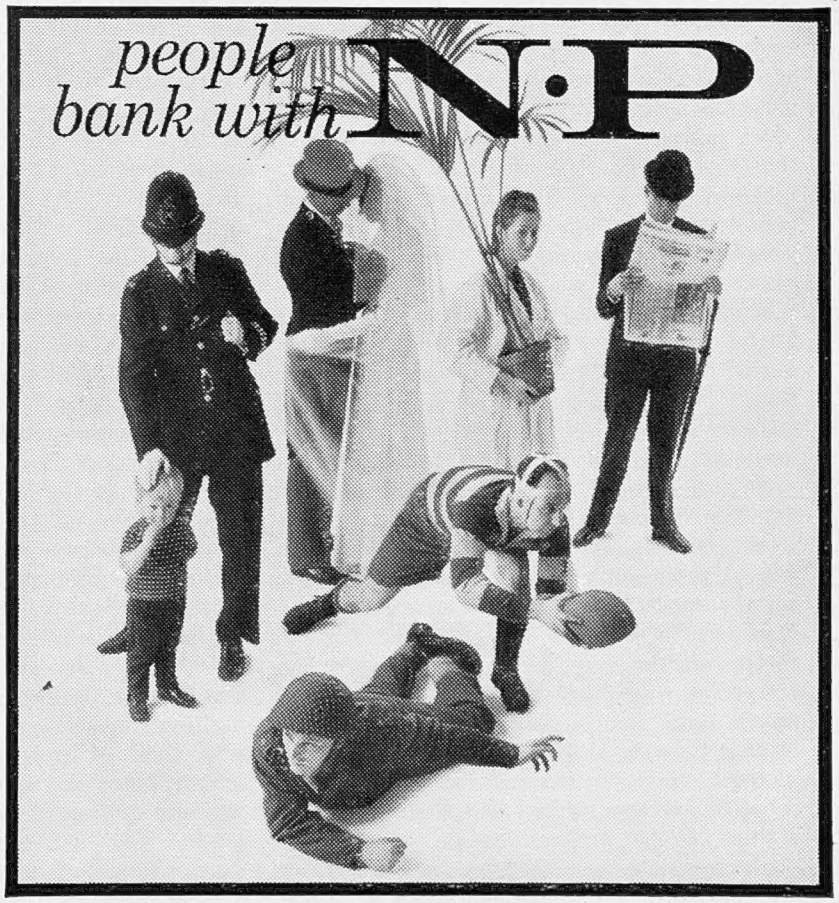

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COURTENAY EDWARDS *continued from page 106*

108 the rest is used: loan charges, maintenance and signs, 1⅓d; administration 1d; wages of attendants and wardens 1⅔d; income tax ½d.

Seen the other day in the Pool of London: the new motor vessel *Bilu*, owned by a Swiss-based shipping company who plan to use it as the world's first "floatel"—a one-class, luxury, floating motel—and operate a weekly service between Rome and Haifa (Israel) carrying 120 cars and two coaches.

M Georges Hereil, president and chairman of France's Chrysler-controlled Simca company, told motoring writers the other day that his firm will unveil a Simca station wagon at the Paris Salon. This type of body is declining in popularity in the US, according to *Automotive News*.

Under a new £30 million expansion scheme Vauxhall Motors plan to increase their productive capacity by 91,000 cars a year with new buildings at Ellesmere Port, on Merseyside, to supplement the car-manufacturing facilities at Luton. The Viva will then be built at both Luton and Ellesmere Port.

The BR cross-Channel ferry *Normannia*, withdrawn from the Southampton-Le Havre service and refitted at a cost of £350,000 to carry 111 cars on the drive-on principle, begins operation on the Dover-Boulogne run next week.

The new 120 m.p.h. version of the Sunbeam Alpine powered by a 4.2-litre Ford V-8 engine shows its pac s

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

On many a gastronomic occasion a superbly composed and executed menu, into which a great deal of careful thought and much meticulous work has gone, suffers from the often inherent and unavoidable handicap of the large number of guests to be served, and perhaps sometimes also from the physical layout of the premises, the distance between kitchen and dining-room. These are, of course, difficulties which cannot be overcome; however perfect the dish when it leaves the kitchen it is subject to some deterioration during its journey to the table and during the time it is being served. Careful selection of dishes which are least affected by delay, however slight, helps to overcome this trouble, for some dishes would be less affected than others, but this imposes a limitation of free choice when composing the menu. Even in one's own home when entertaining friends, there are certain things which are most successful when it is possible to serve straight from stove to plates without any delay, but become less attractive when the circumstances are more formal and the inevitable dishing up and serving time-lag arises. There is an optimum moment when any preparation is at its best, *au point*, and how seldom is it possible to enjoy eating it at that precise moment.

I appreciate that the deterioration is slight, and most would not complain about it. But it is certainly a thought when one considers the finest gastronomic value as an ideal to be aimed at, a hopeful striving for perfection, beyond the reach of most of us. One gets as near to this level as perhaps can ever be attained when one is the guest of one of the great chefs for a meal served on their own ground, in or next to their kitchen. These are rare and great occasions to be treasured in the annals of our gastronomic experience. Obviously, the host will have endeavoured to create a meal of unusual interest as an example of his creative skill, not hampered by the usual limitations. It is like a recital given in private by a great musician, just for the ears of two to three privileged people.

I regard M Eugene Kaufeler, Maître Chef de Cuisine of the Dorchester, as one of these great virtuosi of London's great kitchens, and the dinner he gave me and two other friends in his private dining-room adjoining his vast kitchens recently was one of those rare occasions to be remembered. After a pleasant apéritif of a dry champagne the first course was Turban de Saumon Villaret. In a most inviting ring-shape mousse of sole was banded with slices of fresh salmon and the unctuous lobster sauce also contained soft herring roes, shrimps and mushrooms. The mousse was feather light and the combination with the sauce was perfect, much less rich than it would appear from my description. The Annaberg Scheurebe, Spaetlese 1958, although not one of the best years for Hocks, had just the right amount of personality without overpowering this exceptional dish.

The whole menu was so perfectly balanced that one should not speak of a climax. But for interest perhaps the highlight was our main course: Le Quartier d'Agneau du Lait à la Broche. The two forequarters and best end of a baby lamb were split open and roasted on the spit. The liver, sweetbreads, heart and brains were gently cooked in butter with shallots and herbs. Their pan, after the removal of the "offal," was deglacé with white wine, the final reduction of this made a most exquisite sauce with which the delicate "offal" was served to accompany the lamb garnished with asparagus tips, green beans and pommes sablées. The claret served with this outstanding dish was a perfect match, Château Lynch Bages 1957, another good wine of an otherwise mediocre year.

Not unexpectedly, the concluding pudding course was another little masterpiece, simply and briefly described as Delice du Roi. I don't know which king M Kaufeler was referring to in his own mind, but this confection was fit for any royal personage. It consisted of layers of crèpes soufflées, between two of the layers there was sorbet made of fresh limes and between two others fresh strawberries and cream; the whole topped with a sabayon made of Kirsch. Now this is what I call a memorable meal.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

HISTORY AND HOTELS are rarely far apart, especially in this land of Britain. Such was our thought when in early March we journeyed through a part of what was the ancient kingdom of the West Saxons—Wessex.

How appropriate that our first stop was at Winchester, for it was here that King Alfred the Great reigned from 871 to 899; and it was here in 1964 that Trust Houses Ltd., opened its second new hotel of the year *The Wessex*.

Never has there been in Britain such an entirely new hotel on such ancient foundations. Never has an hotel been built where ecclesiastical and civic authorities, architects and sponsors agreed on plans that so harmoniously blend ancient and modern. From our bedroom window (all the public rooms have a similar view) we looked across the Cathedral green to the great Norman Tower, just a fractional part of the priceless heritage of Britain.

Beneath us, was the one time Roman Forum and now in the gallery overlooking the hotel lounge is a fascinating collection of coins and pottery unearthed in the excavations.

Our bedroom—the other 92 follow the same pattern–was one of the most complete of all we have stayed in—in Britain, USA or the Continent. Not one penny did we begrudge of the cost—£2 10s 0d each—for the night. It included television, bedside radio and among the many details of our bathroom was a ladies' plastic cap in hygienic case for use under the shower.

Those who stay or visit *The Wessex* for meals can choose between the restaurant table d'hôte and à la carte meals, or repair to the Buttery (reminiscent of the coffee shop, a feature of most American hotels of any size) where, open all day, one can get anything from a snack to a steak inexpensively. Whereas, since the motoring era set in, thousands of tourists must have passed through, or around Winchester without ever seeing the Cathedral, this modern *Wessex* in Paternoster Row makes a comfortable starting point for not only a city steeped in history but also for the New Forest, the River Itchen (one of England's famous trout streams) and for many monuments in stone—historic and photogenic.

The ancient kingdom of Wessex embraced, in the main, five of our present English counties viz: Berkshire, Dorset, Hampshire, Somerset and Wiltshire. Our March hotel tour, confined to the latter three, provided much to awaken our interest both from historic and modern comfort angles.

One of the most efficiently run hotels in Britain is *The Castle* at Taunton. While some hotels tend to rely on their historic past, Peter Chapman, quite indefatigable in management, keeps his eyes focused on the present everyday running and on future developments. Our bedroom, No. 11, was unforgettably comfortable, extra wide single beds made breakfast in our room the next morning imperative and, though there was no private bathroom, this proved more of an advantage than an impediment, for we could both have a bath apiece at the same time. (Actually plans have now been passed for an extra floor with some fifteen bedrooms all with private bathrooms.)

Be it winter or summer we have always been most comfortable at *The Castle* and this March we sensed that much was due to a staff who, like Peter Chapman and his wife, delight in making their visitors "feel at home."

The historic past here is diffused by the excellence of the present, yet believe it or not the hotel roots go back to AD 688. Indeed, a free booklet is available on application to Peter Chapman entitled *Re Historic Castle Hotel Taunton*.

Once the tourist season begins, accommodation at *The Castle* Taunton is often hard to come by, so it is as well to have some alternative accommodation up one's sleeve. Twenty-eight miles east of Taunton lies the small Cathedral City of Wells, a fascinating base. Here the medieval Cathedral, Bishops Palace, Battlements and Moat are sources of attraction, while the city is a maze of crooked alleys, gables, mullioned windows and courtyards.

Doubtless Peter Chapman directs eastbound tourists to his namesake's (no relation) hotel, *The Crown*, where Mr A. G. Chapman has been modernising most skilfully without destroying any of the old-world characteristics. A most comfortable hotel with ten bedrooms upstairs and on the ground floor is the restaurant. Here table lamps and deft service give expression to skilled knowledge in kitchens and cellar.

Under the same direction, next door, is the *Red Lion*, where we shall be happy to spend the night. A number of rooms have private bathroom. In the Grill-cum-Coffee bar one can eat inexpensively.

Fortunately, we have a third string to our bow in Wells viz the 16th-century *Star Hotel*. Privately owned, it has been handed down from generation to generation, each bringing it up to date as regards modern comforts. Now in the hands of Mr W. K. G. Norman, you will find those up-to-date appointments one expects, yet the charm of its old-world atmosphere has not been destroyed. The *Star* is not only proud of the comfort and service it provides, but of the good English fare and vintage wines, which we travellers appreciate after a tiring but satisfying day on the open road.

To Americans, the small bedroom accommodation of our historic cities and towns must be exasperating but, as six miles is nothing to any motorist, we are happy to report on an old, yet modernised, *George and Pilgrims Inn* in Glastonbury.

What an exciting building this once hospice of the monks is. To capture some of its old-world atmosphere, you must sleep within its solid walls. Up a winding, stone stairway old English lettering directs you to the King Henry VIII room with its massive four-poster bed and to the twin bedded Abbot Whitney room with private bathroom attached.

There are others, too, of varying size and characteristics complete with bedside radio, heating without meters and well-sprung beds.

If you can but call for a meal, note the attractive bar lounge on the left of the main entrance or the bar on the right of the courtyard entrance—both pleasant rendezvous.

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